

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, July 12, 1931

Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist
Fish

Verses by
Carolyn Wells



1

As Tea Room Waitress, Kitty thought success she could foresee;
And sternly pledged herself to curb her cu-ri-os-i-tee.
In a becoming uniform, with cap and apron smart,
Kitty appeared all smilingly, prepared to do her part.



3

She gave the order to the chef, and found when she returned
Her customer had stopped the show! With eagerness she
burned
To read the letter in his hand—its contents she must see!
For she was all a-quiver with her cu-ri-os-i-tee!



4

She placed a knife and fork, and then behind
his back she stood.
And read over his shoulder—"Oh, my darling,
I'll be good.
"I will do anything you say, except—" The
page stopped there.
"Oh, turn it over!" Kitty cried, and shook him
in his chair.



2

At lunch time to her table came Vladimir Tureen,
The idol of all working girls who loved the Movie Screen.
Kitty stood at attention, her lovely eyes agleam,
The while he ordered griddle cakes, with caviar and cream.

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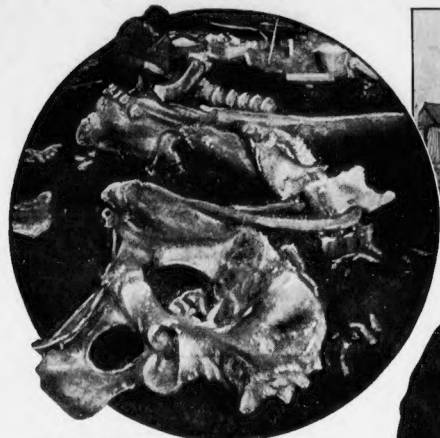


5

"What! What!" cried Vladimir Tureen, and
turned his haughtiest face.
He beckoned the Head Waiter, roaring,
"Teach this girl her place!"
"Her place is out the door!" he said. Kitty
shot out the door,
Quite certain she'd be curious of Vladimir no
more!
(Continued Next Sunday)

FISH

A Hog and a Boy Accidentally Unearth Bones of Prehistoric Monsters



Skeleton of the Huge Mastodon Unearthed by the Ten-Year-Old Boy, Near Cromwell, Indiana, Assembled in a Barn by Scientists From the Buffalo Museum of Science.



The Plesiosaurus, As It Probably Appeared When Living, Swimming Near the Surface of the Water.

On the Left—A Sunday Crowd of Curiosity Seekers, Lined Up in Front of the Barn, Paying 25 Cents for a Look at What Are Believed to Be the Bones of the World's Largest Monster.



T. J. Tidwell, the Texas Rancher and Big Plesiosaurus Skeleton That Was Unearthed by a Hog on the Tidwell Property, Near Dallas.

A HOG rooting in the mud of his pen on a farm near Dallas, Texas, recently turned up a curiously shaped chunk of bone which proved to be the front flipper of a gigantic Plesiosaurus, a sea-going reptile which swam the waters which covered what is now the state of Texas some 20,000,000 years ago. Scientists

and students from the Southern Methodist University rushed to the spot and have recovered an excellently preserved skeleton which will be assembled and eventually set up in one of the university buildings.

About the same time that this valuable discovery was being made, Donovan Harper, a 10-year-old Indiana farm boy, while hunting skunks, stubbed his toe on a stony object in a dry lake bed near the town of Cromwell. This proved to be an enormous tooth weighing more than eight pounds.

A resident of the neighborhood went to the spot with the boy and dug up a huge jawbone more than three feet long. He got in touch with the Buffalo Museum of Science at Buffalo, N. Y., and a scientist started for Indiana on the next train.

Further digging, under the direction of the scientist, unearthed other bones which he recognized as those of a mastodon, a relative of the present-day elephant that became extinct thousands of years ago.

A huge shed was built over the spot and careful excavation was begun with the farm boy proudly helping in the search for other bones of a massive

What the "Book of Fate" Has to Say About Your Future

How the Oracle That Napoleon Consulted Can Be Made to Tell Your Fortune

Answers to the Question, "Shall I ever inherit property?"

Will not for the death of thy kinsman that thou mayest inherit his worldly goods.

Whist thou waitest for dead men's old shoes, thine own exactions might secure thee new ones.

Depend not entirely on the present intentions of thy kinsman—they may alter.

Thine own industry will supply every want but if property be bequeathed thee, be thankful.

Bless the memory of the giver!

See that thou art not cheated out of thy just rights.

When thou takest possession of the worldly goods of the deceased, do justice to widow and orphan.

What hast thou to do with legacies? Be industrious and frugal.

Hope for the best!

Good fortune is in store for thee.

The money which will be left thee will not remunerate any anxiety.

Depend not on the caprice of age.

Blessed is he who expecteth little, for he will not be disappointed.

Answers to the Question, "Will the friend I most reckon upon prove faithful or treacherous?"

Place not thy confidence so much, even in a friend, as to put a weapon in his hand which he may, in future, turn upon thyself.

Be exceedingly cautious in the choice of thy friend.

Try thy friend before thou trustest him too deeply.

Thy friend will assuredly prove faithful to thee. Is he thy friend?

Be thine own friend.

Trust not even a friend with a secret which ought to remain within thine own breast.

Show thy friend, by good treatment of him, that it is his interest to be faithful to thee.

Wrangle not with thy friend about trifles, else thou mayest forfeit his assistance in matters of great import.

Reckon not much on the friendship of any man.

Sad is his fate who relies solely on the friendship and good-will of others.

If a man protesteth over-zealous friendship to thee, at least doubt his sincerity.

Rely more on the actions than on the promises of thy friends.

Friends are so scarce that, when found, they are to be valued above all price.

Answers to the Question, "What trade or profession ought I to follow?"

Often men in low circumstances have risen by their industry to the loftiest stations. Go thou and do likewise.

The soldier's bayonet hath sometimes given place to the field marshal's baton.

Success awaits thee in any profession save the law.

Avoid the busy marts of trade.

Choose that for which thy genius is best adapted.

Choose that of thy richest kinsman.

Tread in thy parents' footsteps.

Choose one which, with little labor, will afford thee a comfortable subsistence.

Buy land, even though it takes thy last penny.

Middle not with the laws of the land.

Avoid edged tools.

If thou art wise, thou wilt not spurn rural felicity.

Do not sell strong liquors, lest thou try their strength too often upon thyself.

NOTHING interests us more than the future. If given three questions about the future, nine out of ten persons would like to know whether they will ever be wealthy, whether friends are true, and what sort of a career they should follow.

Several years ago in these pages there was published an arrangement of quotations from the "Book of Fate," by which Napoleon set such store. A great many requests have been made for a reprint of them, since many readers have lost or mislaid the original pages. On this page today it is told again how you can find the answers to your questions by the method that Napoleon used.

Numerous answers to the three questions, "Shall I ever inherit property?" "Will my friend prove faithful or treacherous?" and "What trade or profession ought I to follow?" are printed here today.

To find out which of the various answers to these questions applies to you, proceed as follows:

Take a pencil and make five rows of vertical lines on a sheet of paper. Be sure that each row contains at least twelve lines, but do not count the exact number of lines in each row until all the rows are completed.

Now count the number of lines in each of the five rows. If a row contains an odd number of lines, place opposite it one star; if an even number, two stars. For example:

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

The arrangement of stars which you will have after proceeding as directed above, constitutes the key which unlocks the "Book of Fate" for

Answers to the Question, "Shall I ever inherit property?"

Let not disappointment mar thy exertions in thy calling.

Follow thy calling diligently, and he not a legacy hunter.

Divide thy inheritance with those who have an equal right with thyself.

The legacy that shall be bequeathed unto thee will not much profit thee.

Although thou inheritest property, still be industrious and frugal.

Answers to the Question, "Will the friend I most reckon upon prove faithful or treacherous?"

If thou art joined with another in a compact to act wickedly, expect not that he will prove faithful to thee.

If thou expectest that a companion in wickedness will prove a faithful friend, thou art deceived.

Choose thy friends only from among the virtuous, and fear no treachery.

If thou expectest thy friend to be true, he true to him.

When thou takest advice from thy friend, relate not to him thy story by halves, lest thou suffer in the end.



Napoleon on His Deathbed at St. Helena.

you. Look through the various combinations of stars printed on this page until you find the one that corresponds exactly to the one you have made on your sheet of paper. The answers printed opposite this combination of stars are the ones that apply to you.

The "Book of Fate" from which these questions and their answers were taken was found among Napoleon's effects after his death. It was translated into English and attained a wide circulation, both in England and America. The preface of the first American edition declares it to be a "perfect fac-simile of the one used by Napoleon and consulted by him on every important occasion." And the very next sentence contains this significant comment: "Happy had it been for Napoleon had he always abided or been ruled by the answer of this oracle."

Answers to the Question, "What trade or profession ought I to follow?"

Thou mayest make a fortune by dealing in precious stones.

Be a miller, but grind not the face of the poor.

Thou art cut out for a rope-dancer.

Thou mayest be a merchant, but sell not thy soul for gain.

Love not gold so much as to be a usurer.

Answers to Three Questions That Should Be of Vital Interest to You

Answers to the Question, "Shall I ever inherit property?"

Forget not that the goods which thou inheritest are not of thine own earnings; therefore remember the poor in the days of thy prosperity.

Thine own earnings will prove much sweeter than the largest inheritance.

If thou receivest a rich legacy long life must be denied thee.

One not now rich may some day reward thy kindness to him.

Be not buoyed up by hopes of inheriting property which thou hast not earned.

A will is soon written in thy favor.

Be contented with what thou hast already.

Thou art the favorite of fortune.

Be content—let tomorrow provide for itself.

Hope for the best, but make up thy mind to bear with the worst that may happen.

Be courteous to thy kinsman, and he will remember thee.

Be civil to every man; thou knowest not who may prove thy friend.

Be a friend to thyself—depend not on others.

Though thou inheritest houses and lands, what availeth it if thou art not prudent?

Answers to the Question, "Will the friend I most reckon upon prove faithful or treacherous?"

Thy friend's treachery will later stand thee in good stead.

When thou hast proved thy friend, thou mayest truly trust and value him.

If thy friend hath in one circumstance proved deceitful, trust him not a second time.

If thou seest thy friend carry himself deceitfully toward others, deceive not thyself by thinking he will be faithful to thee.

Honesty is the only bond of true friendship.

Rely not on those self-styled friends, who, like Summer flies, buzz about thee in thy prosperity.

Give out that thou art poor, and see how many, or what friends will run to serve thee.

The man who boasts most his readiness to befriend thee will, in adversity, be the first to desert thee.

Avoid laying too great a tax on the patience of thy friends—this is the way to preserve them.

Consider well, ere thou tellest thy secret, whether thy friend can keep it.

Never trust those men who swear friendship to thee over the cup of drunkenness.

Beware lest the honeyed words of the hypocrite and the deceiver betray thee into danger.

The grip of the hand, the kiss on the cheek and the vow of friendship over the flowing bowl are but as words traced on the sand of the sea-shore—trust them not!

Put not thy trust in tall men nor in dark-eyed women.

Answers to the Question, "What trade or profession ought I to follow?"

Follow the plough.

Seek the honors and dangers to be found in thy country's defense.

Take medicine when there is need, but procure not to give it to others.

Cultivate thy talents and adopt a profession suited to them.

Follow the best of thine own inclinations.

Be one of thy country's defenders.

Thou wouldst cut but a sorry figure in the pulpit.

On this subject take the advice last given thee by thy best friend.

Deal in books and be prosperous.

If thou likest cabbage, use the needle.

Obtain an insight into two trades in which the hands are principally employed: reflect on both for a week and tell us of which thou dreamest.

Choose a business in which the hands rather than the head are employed.

Choose not a business which dependeth on the whim and luxury of the age in which thou livest.

Knowest thou that which in the shortest time will be productive of most profit to thee?

Commanded the Firing Squad to Shoot His Own Bride

Secret Records of the Austrian War Office Reveal the Resolute Conduct of Lieut. Szalay Who Did His Duty in Executing His War Spy Wife and Then Killed Himself

BUDAPEST, Hungary, July 1. MANY dramatic stories have been written of war spies for the magazines and the movies, and they are mostly the irresponsible imaginings of fiction writers or boastful but bogus secret service agents. It has remained for the secret records of the War Department at Budapest to disclose a real-life, war spy tragedy which outmatches in actual facts anything presented by novelists or dramatists.

It is now nearly thirteen years since the great war ended and the imperial powers which ruled Austria-Hungary and its military forces no longer are in command. And thus it is that recently the sealed archives at military headquarters have been opened and made accessible to students of war history.

"Blow out his brains with his service pistol," such was the annotation on the back of a letter within a locked and sealed box in the archives. The letter, spattered with brown spots that once had been blood, was addressed to Baron Conrad von Hotzendorf, Austro-Hungarian army commander on the Russian front against General Brusiloff, and signed by Lieut. Stefan Szalay. Lieutenant Szalay's family and friends had always believed the official record that he had been killed in action. According to this he was a suicide. Why? The letter read:

"You will understand my act, Sir, when you know that the condemned woman was my bride. I loved her. She meant life itself to me. I still love her and cannot forget her beautiful eyes that will never open again, nor her lips that will never smile to me from the day I met her. I performed my duty, Sir, but how I brought myself to do it, I cannot account for."

With the letter was the marriage certificate of the lieutenant and Margit von Vimola. The investigators, fascinated, pored over the records of a court martial and many other documents. Here at last they had the key to that mysterious, sudden offensive of General Brusiloff in the spring of 1916 when the Russians attacked everyone by breaking through, capturing and killing nearly 50,000 Austrians and German soldiers. Yet this major disaster to the Central Powers was entirely eclipsed by the fact that a man forced to give the signal to a firing squad to execute a war spy his own bride, the woman who had let in the Russian hordes.

Margit von Vimola was the daughter of an Austrian nobleman who had ruined himself by speculation a year before the war. Margit left her finishing school, spent a year in business training and was just looking for work when the World War started. A girl with her training and belonging to the nobility, all of whom were devoted to the Emperor, was an unusual combination and she was quickly promoted to secretary of General Hotzendorf himself at headquarters in Baden, 20 miles from Vienna.

Though Margit was by no means a compelling beauty like Mata Hari, the spy that faced France never behaved with her remarkable eyes and a quiet charm of manner that made every officer up to the commander in chief eager to know the girl socially. But always Margit declined their invitations until she became known as Hotzendorf's heartless dictating machine. She was a machine and a tireless one, ready to work 24 hours at a stretch without a complaint. Once when the Baron asked how she stood, the girl replied simply:

"It is because I have no parties, no friends, no diversion of energy. From here I eat and go to bed. In the morning I eat and come."

The Baron liked that. No friends meant no gossip and no leaks of information. However, he never behaved anything until he verified it so he had the secret service watch her habits a while. They reported that indeed she had no friends and saw nobody. Yet somehow all this time she was in contact with the enemy and later she had a friend.

During the Winter of 1915-1916, one of innumerable officers attached to any army headquarters, was young Lieut. Stefan Szalay. Like all the others, he had tried to interest his



Winter Scene at the Barracks Where Mme. Szalay Went Before the Firing Squad.

Excellency!
Sie werden meine Handlungswiese verstehen wenn Sie wissen, dass die hingerichtete Frau meine Geliebte war. Ich liebe sie. Sie bedeutet das Leben für mich. Ich werde ihre wunderschönen Augen nie vergessen; die nun ewig geschlossen bleiben, mit welchen sie mich belagert hatte, an dem wir ein Kennzeichen für unsere Pflicht. Wie ich die Aufgebrachte habe, wenn ich nicht wissen soll sein. Ich mit dem Tod.
Ihre Ergebenster
Stefan Szalay
Wohlbehalten



Baron Conrad von Hotzendorf, Commander of the Austro-Hungarian Armies, for Whom Margit Worked as Secretary.

chief's heartless typing machine and had gotten just response so that he and nobody else could see it. Still nobody suspecting, he progressed to a point where she met him outside, but never were they seen on the street together. In the back room of a little inn near Heiligenstadt they had a few drinks together and there he proposed and was accepted, but the marriage must be kept secret until after the war.

The girl said that her job was the sole support of her parents and the crochety old general would probably fire her if he knew she had fallen in love. They were secretly married in Vienna one evening in April of 1916 and had to hurry back to Baden the next morning. Headquarters was throbbing with a mysterious pressure. Everybody felt that something was coming, there was a thousand conflicting rumors, but nobody knew for certain except the commander and a very few others.

All Winter long an offensive had been planned that would crumple up Brusiloff and already was a parade of Russian trenches and the rest of it would be hardly more than a parade to Petrograd. Finally the day for action came. The Baron gave the word which set in motion the secret night shifting of divisions of men, preliminary to the drive. In the midst of these rapid and delicate moves came word that the Russians were starting something and then for four hours the telephone lines to that sector were cut. Looking at his map the Baron realized that it would be most embarrassing if Brusiloff, by some rare stroke of luck, happened to stage a deep raid at just that point. But, of course, he wouldn't, there was no reason why he should.

Facsimile of the Suicide Letter of Lieut. Szalay After He Had Executed His Bride. It Reads:

"Excellency! You will understand my act, Sir, when you know that the condemned woman was my bride. I loved her. She meant life itself to me. I still love her and cannot forget her beautiful eyes that will never open again, nor her lips that will never smile to me from the day I met her. I performed my duty, Sir, but how I brought myself to do it, I cannot account for."

The thing must be just a minor raid of no importance. When communication was re-established the news that came over was a nightmare. It was not a raid, not an attack in force, the worst that anyone had dreamed of. It was a major offensive by Brusiloff's entire reserves. They had rolled up the Austro-German left wing and before the attack could be stopped made so many prisoners and so crippled the German and Austrian forces that their own offensive had to be abandoned.

"Why?" thundered the Austrian Emperor and the German Kaiser. "Why this blunder, this disaster, this loss of men?" "Spies!" answered Hotzendorf. "Brusiloff could not have picked the place and the hour better for that thrust if he had been sitting at my elbow."

"Find the spies and shoot them!" commanded Field Marshal Joseph. "And by the way, who sat at your elbow?" Baden was quietly flooded with secret agents from both Vienna and Berlin who pried into the doings of every man, woman and child. They even moved headquarters from Baden to the little town of Teichen, near Brun, but not a scrap of evidence or even suspicion had been found against anyone when one day young Lieutenant Szalay came to the front with his patches and one or two other duties.

That very night the small army of secret service agents was called off. The spies were triumphant, they had covered their trail perfectly. And then, Fate, like a playboy, writing a surprise for the curtain of an act, betrayed them through an accident beyond anyone's power to foresee. Sentries patrolling the streets of Brun

Margit von Vimola Szalay, the Austrian War Spy Who Was Executed by Her Own Husband.

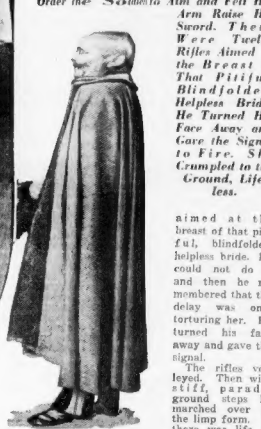
stumbled over a man who had evidently been seized by an epileptic fit. The sentries opened his coat, unloosened his collar and felt something crackle like paper under his shirt. The stricken man was taken to the barracks, stripped and found to be loaded with messages in French revealing military secrets. The man turned out to be Captain Mihalevic, aide to Major Ivanhoff, head of the Russian spy organization in Austria-Hungary. He recovered from the attack, knew he was doomed, refused to talk and was shot a few days later at sunrise.

The documents were quickly placed in the hands of Hotzendorf, who was astonished to find that they had been written on his own typewriter, the one that only the faithful and tireless Margit used. Was this the person who had sat at his elbow? With that tip, agents were sent to search her modest room and, sewed into her lingerie, they found over \$100,000 in Swiss and German bills.

Confronted with the evidence, Margit confessed that at the start of the war, Captain Mihalevic had promised her enough money to buy back her father's estate and estate if she would tell him all she overheard at headquarters. Already she had received more than that amount and had wished to stop, but found that once in the toils of such an organization it is almost impossible to escape. Yes, she had told Brusiloff when and where to strike. The court martial, presided over by Prince Friedrich, cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph, sentenced the girl to be shot at sunrise, but a reprieve of a couple of days was ordered in the vain hope that she would reveal the hiding place of Ivanhoff. One afternoon Lieutenant Szalay returned from the front, handed in his report and was surprised to see a stranger sitting at his bride's desk. He hoped she was not sick and just because he was most concerned of any he was the only man who did not ask. As he went out a second man ordered him to report at the prison, twenty-five minutes before daylight. The next morning prepared to



Like an Assassin Lieut. Szalay Heard Himself Ordered a Prisoner, His Wife, Blindfolded. He Heard Himself Order the Soldier to Aim and Felt His Arm Rattle His Sword. There Were Twelve Rifles Aimed at the Breast of That Pitiful, Blindfolded, Helpless Bride. He Turned His Face Away and Gave the Signal to Fire. She Crumpled to the Ground, Lifeless.



Prince Friedrich, Cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph, Who Presided Over the Court-Martial.

command a firing squad that was to execute a spy. "I heard that you have shot Mihalevic," said the lieutenant. "Is it permitted to ask who this other one is?" "Yes," replied the colonel, sadly. "You will be sorry to hear that it is our friend Margit."

Somewhat the stunned young man got away from that painful and somehow lived through a dreadful night. What should he do? Should he give the order that would send twelve bullets into the breast of the woman he loved? No, he would rather kill himself than that. But there was something theatrical and unreal about making a bridegroom the executioner of his bride. Suppose it was all a trick, that they had discovered the secret marriage and only suspected Margit. In that case his suicide might work against her and he might be falling her in her hour of need.

Before dawn he reported, mechanically inspected the rifle of the squad and in a dizzying rain and the cold light of dawn waited. An iron door clanged, he turned his head, saw the prisoner and with the greatest effort kept from crying out.

It was his wife, the woman he loved, the bride with whom he had wished to stop, but found that once in the toils of such an organization it is almost impossible to escape. Yes, she had told Brusiloff when and where to strike. The court martial, presided over by Prince Friedrich, cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph, sentenced the girl to be shot at sunrise, but a reprieve of a couple of days was ordered in the vain hope that she would reveal the hiding place of Ivanhoff. One afternoon Lieutenant Szalay returned from the front, handed in his report and was surprised to see a stranger sitting at his bride's desk. He hoped she was not sick and just because he was most concerned of any he was the only man who did not ask. As he went out a second man ordered him to report at the prison, twenty-five minutes before daylight. The next morning prepared to

aimed at the breast of that pitiful, blindfolded, helpless bride. He could not do it and then he remembered that the delay was only torturing her. He turned his face away and gave the signal.

The rifles volleyed. Then with stiff, parade-ground steps he marched to the limp form. If there was life in it, he must give finish her with his own pistol. Fortunately, the man had done their work well. The lieutenant went to his room, wrote a few letters and then he himself a welcome and familiar figure in the front trenches in quiet sectors. He ingested himself into the good work of the soldiers by smuggling them chocolate, good cigars and sound Hugs. He made himself a welcome and familiar figure in the front trenches. Little attention was paid to his detailed reports and he was given a gift of a ten rid of all gifts he brought. He was allowed to come and go without challenge. At night he found it easy under cover of darkness to slip out of the trenches in the direction of the Russian lines. When approaching the Russian lines, he would give a signal that prevented his being taken for an enemy and shot.

Thus he was able to deliver to the Russians bulky and detailed reports about troop movements, strength, plans, etc. When he returned to the Austrian lines at night, he brought back with him the carrier pigeons that Mihalevic used in emergencies. As he was always popping up here and there in the Austrian lines, no attention was paid to him when he showed up empty handed of food, gifts, etc. It was assumed that he had made his regular distribution in an adjoining trench. He, too, was caught and shot. After that began the Russian collapse.

Epstein's Monstrosities Outmatched



"Spring Song," a Painting by John Bigge, Apparently Dealing With Watch Springs.

WOULD you give \$10,000 for any one of the "masterpieces" of sculpture or the painting shown on this page?

Would you give \$1,000?

Would you give \$100?

Would you give 50 cents? Would you, in fact, allow anybody to bring any of these pieces into your home and make room for it, if it displaced the piano, the favorite easy chair, or even the useful garbage can?

But whatever the reader of this article may feel in admiration or disgust at these Modernist works of "art," there are people in civilized communities who are willing to spend money to secure such treasures and bring them home. Taste differs the world over. In the African jungle natives will

work hard for days in the bush to trap and skin an animal and then tramp wearily through the forest and sell the trophy to a trader for a 5-cent string of glass beads or a 10-cent pocket mirror. Values depend on the kind of brain cells inside your head, which make the appraisal.

From time to time in the last few years the British public has been startled by grotesque sculptures by Jacob Epstein. Some of his monstrosities have been pictured in these pages along with the comments by people who deny that they have any artistic, spiritual or technical merit whatever. But Epstein has gone right along with his work, and has no difficulty in selling anything he makes.

The easy success of Epstein has set other workers with brush and chisel



"Girl With Clapped Hands," by Moore.

to thinking, and in London recently an exhibition of sculpture was arranged by a young man named Henry Moore. Three of Mr. Moore's creations are shown on this page today. His "Mother and Child" and "Girl With Clapped Hands" are not any more re-

"Reclining Figure," an Absurdity by Henry Moore, in Lead.

markable or objectionable than many things which the great Epstein has produced. But Mr. Moore's "Reclining Figure" outclasses anything the great master Epstein has yet attempted.

Epstein heard of Moore's exhibition and went around to look at it. He is quoted as saying:

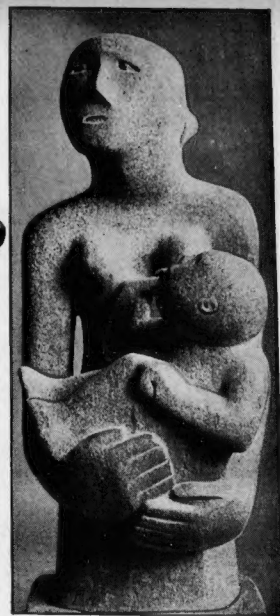
"Before these works I ponder in silence. The imagination stretches itself in vast proportions, and by impressive outline throws the shadow of our fears upon the background of space; new shapes, growths of our subconsciousness, fill the atmosphere."

Epstein says he pondered in silence. Was he pondering whether young Mr. Moore had eclipsed the master and would take the market for grotesque monstrosities away from him? Was Epstein regretting the fact that he had never risen to such a height of absurdity as Mr. Moore's "Reclining Figure"? And as Epstein pondered, was he considering how he could get back in the center of the limelight and produce something even more ludicrous than the young sculptor's "Reclining Figure"? The artist's answer was that the exhibition of sculpture was going on, another British artist gave a showing of his paintings in another gallery. This Modernist in Mr. John Bigge, and one

of his paintings is shown on this page today. This masterpiece is called "Spring Song." The spring part of it seems to be made up of watch springs, and one wheel with cogs shows brilliantly in the background like a rising sun. Is there any reader of this page who has \$10,000 to spare, or even 50 cents, to secure this masterpiece for his very own?

And while the art world is, like Epstein, pondering these masterpieces, a New York amateur, who is convinced that the whole Modernist Art movement is bumcombe and nonsense, painted an absurd painting called "Madam Depression."

This joker framed and offered at a New York art exhibition, and immediately won the enthusiastic applause of the "critics." Having won the complete approval of critics and the acclaim of artists, the amateur



"Mother Holding Child," by Henry Moore.

revealed the fact that he had played a joke on the art world to show that anybody can paint these twisted masterpieces.

Russia's New Movie Favorite

IN Soviet Russia the movies, like the widely advertised "five-year plan," are rigidly regulated by the men who believe they can mould a great communistic commonwealth out of the nation once ruled by a long line of all-powerful emperors.

Only such films as will inspire and inflame the communistic spirit are shown on the screens of the U. S. S. R., and only those actresses who can satisfy the Muscovites' inherent love of the tragic and convert their emotional talents into Soviet propaganda become popular favorites.

Waruna Kostrowa is such an actress. A year ago she was an unknown who had played a few minor roles on the Moscow stage. Today her name is on the lips of hunky boozemen pulling barges along its winding Volga. Her picture is tacked on the bare walls of the lumber camps in the wilds of Siberia. Garishly colored posters of her draw enthusiastic crowds to theatres and halls all over the country.

More convincingly than any other actress she can put across the spirit of

present-day Russia. She is beautiful. She also is tragic. Most of her roles depict the tragedy that supposedly will befall her admirers if they desert the creed of communism, and the bitter lot of people who still are groping their way through the discouraging and restricting mazes of capitalism.

The Soviet overlords see in her a powerful force for "selling" communism and keeping it sold. To them she appears as a potential ambassador of good will for the communistic idea, and she will soon be sent on a tour of the leading cities of Europe.

She will not, of course, take her talents beyond the borders of her native country as a propagandist. She is being billed as an emotional actress — "The greatest tragedienne since Duse." The dramatic critics of England, France and Germany are awaiting the coming of the Russian actress with more than ordinary interest. But they are prepared to judge her by her acting alone, and will keep their ears cocked for Soviet propaganda, obvious or subtle.



Mlle. Waruna Kostrowa, the New Film Actress, Elevated to Stardom by the Soviet Because of Her Ability to Portray Emotional Roles.

Curious Indian Tomb Uncovered

WHEN Harlan I. Smith, a Canadian anthropologist, went to Vancouver to study the customs and traditions of the handful of survivors of the once numerous Musqueam tribe of Indians, he expected to find only a few relics of the ancient tribal life. The tribe now numbers only 50 persons and it has given up many of its old customs for the ways of the white man.

He did, however, stumble upon one of the most artistic and interesting Indian relics ever found on the North American continent—a tomb which is thought to be only 75 years old but a remarkable example of centuries-old Musqueam art.

The scientist came upon the tomb in an isolated spot on the shore of the Fraser River, and finally induced his hosts to let him take the burial vault to the National Museum in Ottawa. It is there now and soon will be placed on public exhibition along with other Indian relics.

In form the sepulchre is an oblong box set on a boat-shaped base about eight feet long. The base is elaborately carved with a great variety of Indian symbols, chief among which is an

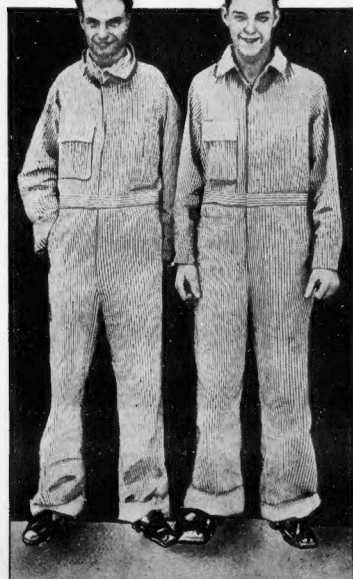
exceptionally well done bas-relief of four small animals known to the Musqueams as "skumdugeens."

These creatures, the scientist learned, never existed, but are mythological sea otters which were included among the animal gods of the Red Men of the Canadian Northwest. The sculptures of them were carved on a solid piece of cedar about 18 inches thick and three feet square.

The coffin itself also was beautifully carved and contained the bones of what is thought to be those of a chief and his wife, although none of the living Musqueams seems to know who was buried in the wooden tomb.

A strange feature of the carving on the sarcophagus is the sophisticated manner in which the figures of the legendary sea otters are grouped. Mr. Smith and other scientists who have studied the carving suspect the influence of white civilization on the native artisan who made the coffin, which is a reasonable assumption when it is remembered that the coffin probably is not quite a century old.

Only one other tomb of this kind ever has been found. This one, less elaborate than the recent discovery, already is in the National Museum.



Be Willie Harley, 17, and Everett Haldiman, Also 17, After Their Arrest. Haldiman, the Police Say, Committed Murder to Prove to His Companions That He Was Tough.

The Girl Who Liked To See Men Murdered

THE toughest "gun molls" of fiction and the movies would seem to be tender-hearted weaklings when compared to 17-year-old Fern McNabb, of Kansas City, one of a quartet of cold-blooded hoodlums who robbed to avoid honest labor and killed for the fun of it.

Murder, in the opinion of Miss McNabb, is cause for merriment. She thinks that the expressions on the faces of men shot in cold blood are "just too funny for words." The sight of a human body stretched out at the scene of a hold-up sends her off into gales of girlish giggles.

The county attorney to whom she confessed her inability to keep from laughing when Everett Haldiman, the killer of the gang of which she was a member, shot down his victim, found it impossible to share her unbelievable sense of humor and sent her to the Kansas Women's Reformatory at Beloit, where she will have no respite sent at murder for a long, long time.

The girl who got so much fun out of watching men die traveled about with Haldiman and Ray Harley, each 17 years old, and another girl named Althea Rush. Althea says she's 19 although the authorities think she's stretching her age a year or two. The members of this crooked quartet are supposed to have had the amusing pleasure of at least four murders, to say nothing of a long list of hold-ups at which Haldiman, the gunman of the gang, whimsically decided to let his victims live. Fern had the most fun, she says, when Haldiman murdered William Henry Price, the driver of a bakery wagon. Price submitted peacefully to

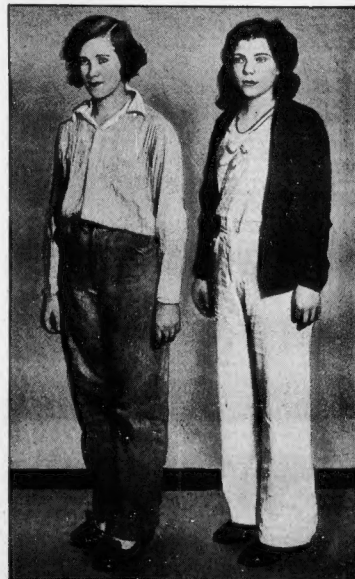
the hold-up but Haldiman pumped his body full of lead to amuse his companions and to show them that he was a real bad man.

No one saw the actual shooting, so Fern and her pals got safely away from the scene of the crime. She thought it would be a jolly job to drive back to the spot where Price's lifeless body lay sprawled on the ground and join the crowd gathered curiously about it. She pushed her way through the circle of bystanders and tittered in amusement at the sight of her victim's comical expression on the ashen face of the young man whose violent and unnecessary end widowed a pretty young bride of two weeks. She could hardly keep from laughing out loud because no one in the crowd suspected that she had been in on the killing.

Fern and Althea Rush got a "big kick" out of being in on the killings of Haldiman. The more ruthless their boy-friends became, the more the young women admired them.

The whole gang was sent to penal institutions and Haldiman, despite his youth, was sentenced to life imprisonment in a Kansas penitentiary because he was adjudged too hardened a character to mingle with the inmates of a reformatory. He had more than a score of henchmen and eventually all of them probably will be rounded up and jailed.

His greatest thrill was to watch the happy expression that came over Fern McNabb's face when she saw a victim's face suddenly twist in pain when a bullet struck him.



Althea Rush, 19, and Fern McNabb, 17, Photographed After Being Taken Into Custody. Fern Never Had So Much Fun in Her Life as When She Went Back to Laugh Over the Body of the Murder Victim.

Unmeasured Truths For Scientists?

The Great Mass of Voters Not Able to Understand What They Are Voting For; Huge Taxes They Pay but Never Know It; Why a "Brotherhood of Man" Is Against Nature's Law, and "Race Prejudice" Should Not Be Discouraged

ON Sunday morning the clergymen point out the moral delinquencies of mankind and find the remedies in the Scriptures. Modern science also concerns itself with man's troubles, but science has no church or pulpit—the sermons of science are delivered to follow scientists at their meetings and conventions. Scientists are not exclusively busied with man's morals; science surveys the whole field of human activity, considers the errors and the misfortunes which have followed from them in the past, studies man and his habits of the moment, and measures the effect on the future of what we are doing today.



Many habits of life, and points of view which were widely accepted and guided men's lives in the past, science now knows were mistakes.

The worthy patriots who wrote the Declaration of Independence of the United States 150 years ago meant well when they declared "all men are created equal."

But they were wrong: men are not born equal. In every family there are children who are manifestly superior to others.

Even if the Declaration of Independence is made to mean that all shall have equal opportunities, the idea is still a false hope. Our public schools, at least in the higher grades, are of little advantage to people of small brain capacity. Scientists now know what was not known in George Washington's day—that the vast majority of human beings are born inferior to the small minority of those who are naturally superior.

In the thousands of diligent, worthy street-sweepers in the great cities of America, science has reason to believe there is probably not even one man who is or could be qualified to lead an army, manage successfully a great industrial corporation, or discuss relatively with Professor Einstein.

Just as there are cross-eyed babies and babies born with weak hearts, so babies are born with weak brains. Every school teacher knows it is not true that "all men are born equal." Until recently every school had a stool and a "dunce cap," and stupid pupils were made to sit on the stool and wear the cap in disgrace.

Every citizen over twenty-one can vote. But science has measured the intelligence of millions of grown-up Americans and finds a large percentage who have never grown up mentally—millions of voters have the mind of a child of ten or twelve years old. Like stunted trees or bushes, their minds will never grow any more.

Ignorant Voters Who Hang Tax Burdens Around Our Necks.

If ten and twelve-year-old children were allowed to vote on a law to close up the schools, or a law to establish free candy stores—nobody doubts how they would vote. And so the American public can be relied upon to vote for almost any ill-advised proposition which the self-seeking or muddled-headed or crooked politicians put before them.

Thus, any proposal to raise the wages of postmen, firemen, policemen, to lay out and pave new highways, to increase new departments, bureaus or inspections which add more people to the public payroll—always these propositions are enthusiastically approved by the voters, scientists point out. The notion is that somebody else pays for it—this—somebody down in Wall Street, or the millionaires on Park Avenue.

But the joke is that these tax burdens are passed on to the simple-minded voter who continually hangs burdens around his neck and doesn't know it. The taxes the voter does not see are concealed in the rent he pays and everything he buys—but he does not know it. Every year the taxpayer works one day out of every six to pay his or her taxes—every year he works eight weeks of his earnings to pay taxes. But he does not know it.

Professor Harrison R. Hunt, of Michigan State College, recently discussed these unpleasant truths and pointed out

that the great mass of voters are entirely incompetent to pass judgment on most of the things which are settled by their votes.

"More than a century of experience has revealed certain defects in democracy," Professor Hunt asserted. "We have found that voters and politicians are sometimes dishonest, that they are very frequently unintelligent in their handling of public questions, and that there is widespread indifference to issues of vital concern. Finally, the biological discoveries of a half century or more have revealed that instead of all people being potentially equal at birth, certain human capacities vary enormously, and that such differences are often inherited, so that one might almost say that it is self-evident that men are created unequal."

Political and economic problems of today, he added, were all of such a complicated nature that voting was actually a technical operation which required skill of a sort comparable with that of an engineer, banker, teacher, or business executive.

In suggesting a limitation of the franchise, Professor Hunt said he did not imply a return to "the worst form of European aristocratic government," but rather a control of State by "natural aristocrats." Desecration of a family's public spirit or blood, he said, would disqualify its members, while able men and women of humble origin might merit the franchise.

In fact, this sort of thing is actually going on now in the Old World. In earlier times kings were kings because they were superior, masterful men. They had the brains and the executive skill to handle a situation; kings earned and held their powers and authority by leading their armies into battle and wielding a sword with the best of them.

But these old "natural aristocrats" have left a strain of weaklings, and there are at present in Europe thirteen crowned heads who have been discharged from their crowns because they were unable to handle the throne. In Italy the gentleman who inherited the throne trembles every time he hears the voice of Mussolini, a man of no inherited aristocracy, but a natural aristocrat. The real king of Italy is not the man who wears the crown and lives in the palace; it is Mussolini, the man with brains and force of character.

Similarly the world has recently seen King Alfonso of Spain step down from his throne and hurry across the sea to France. France got rid of its aristocracy long ago and the destiny of the French Nation is in the hands of men elected to the job, not born to the job. If Alfonso had been big enough to successfully deal with the problems of his country, he would still be in the throne. But he lacked the brains and the qualities of real leadership and he fell victim to a cabal of advisers who were not his own or his friends of kings.

One value of his political viewpoint, Professor Hunt said, would be its effectiveness as an offensive weapon in attacking bolshevism. His views, he said, were not alien to American traditions, declaring that Washington was skeptical of too great an extension of the principles of self-government.

"While contemporary social theory refuses to make any distinction in the quality of individuals, such distinction is inescapable and inevitable in all human relations," Dr. Hunt declared. "This contemporary social theory may be said to be out of step with actual social conditions and with reality. A racial group will make no mistake in attempting racial improvement through the improvement of hereditary quality."

Along the same line of unpleasant revelations, Professor J. H. Langford, of the College of the City of New York, pointed out that there are 10,000,000 or more persons in the United States who are so dumb that they are a constant menace—but almost all of them vote. One out of every 100 persons in the country, he said, was a patient in a lunatic asylum of some kind, and the same was true of insane, whether he was locked up in an asylum or not, was one in ten.

With 10,000,000 more or less mentally "queer" people it is not surprising to find Mr. Voliva and his followers who still believe the earth is flat; plenty of people who can't get it through their heads that vaccination gives no smallpox; many others who believe in witches and black magic, and others as simple-minded that they cannot see the ruinous folly of Communism.

Among these 10,000,000 Americans of childish intelligence are those who listen to the "soap-box orators" on the street corners and applaud any half-baked, hair-brained, new ideas. They are the people who buy the patent medicine remedies, turn over their earnings or inheritance money to stock swindlers and can be relied on to approve and applaud the speeches on impracticable theories of politics, finance or medicine. They accept any new fad or fashion without reasoning whether it is sensible or silly.

And at the same time, the distinguished British anthropologist, Sir Arthur Keith, had some discouraging things to say about the dream of a world free from war.

The efforts of kind and well-meaning pacifists have been directed toward the idea of a brotherhood of man and the removal of what has been called "race prejudice." But Professor Keith makes the startling statement:

"Race prejudices works for the ultimate good of mankind and must be given a recognized place in all our efforts to obtain natural justice for the worse elements of the world. The diverse people of the world into a single tribe is one of the most glorious ideals which has ever existed

the imagination of man." But he explains why this is impracticable and will never happen.

A true brotherhood of man would mean the forgetting of race distinctions, and this means a price which many races of mankind are not prepared to pay.

"The price is the racial birthright that Nature has bestowed on you," Professor Keith continues. "To attain such an ideal world, peoples of all countries and continents must pool not only their national interests, but they must also pool their bloods."

"Black, brown, yellow and white must give and take in marriage and distribute in a common progeny that which each has come by in their uphill struggle through the ages of prehistoric time toward the present."

"If this scheme of deracialization ever comes before you as a matter of practical politics—as the sole way of establishing peace and good will in all parts of our world, I feel certain both head and heart will rise against it."

"There will well up within you an overmastering antipathy to securing peace at such a price. This antipathy or race prejudice Nature has implanted in you for her own ends—the improvement of mankind through racial differentiation."

"Race prejudice, I believe, works for the ultimate good of mankind and must be given a recognized place in all our efforts to obtain natural justice for the world."

The price to pay for racialism, he said, is the continuation of Nature's old scheme of intertribal rivalries and eternal competition. Always in the past it has been demanded that a people seeking independence as well as peace must be ready to pay with blood, he pointed out.

"Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning," he asserted, "and war is her pruning hook. We cannot dispense with her services. This harsh and repugnant forecast of man's future is wrong from me. The future of my dream is a warlike world. As a gardener, Nature has two sides, a good and a bad. She plants and she also prunes. If we accept her we have to accept her altogether. Sooner or later she brings the false prophet to book."

"My ominous forecast of man's future is not based solely upon my studies of the prehistoric world nor on my analysis of the inheritance which has come down to us from that world. It is supported by what is now happening in every part of our globe."

"There is a movement on foot now which is the reverse of the League of Nations into being. The leagueist movement is stirring the blood of peoples in every part of the world at the present time. . . . It encourages the development of a local spirit and of native talent. A people which assumes nationality and sets out to develop its own mental, moral and material resources, strengthens its self-reliance, its faith in its destiny, its belief and pride in the traditions, customs and literature of its country."

And while it is explained that race prejudice is a part of nature's plan, and we are not likely to meet the full requirements of a true brotherhood of man by welcoming Chinese, South Sea Islanders, Eskimos or African pygmies as mates for our sons and daughters—yet we are warned that we need not be too proud of our own race, for we are no better than the rest of the world. Ernest A. Hooton in his new book, "Up From the Ape," points out that all races of mankind today have various mixtures.

And most of us have a taint of Mongolian blood. But even if we have a slight taint, there is nothing to prove any marked intellectual or spiritual disadvantage. Professor Hooton defends the negro race in some respects, but he is no scientific foundation for the charge of natural inferiority.

Viewing man's deficiencies of mental make-up from another point of view, Professor A. J. Carlson, of the University of Chicago, recently pointed to the credulity and ignorance of modern man, and in some respects there is no improved much over the attitude of mind of our cave-man ancestors.

This is known as "the age of science, and yet very few take the intelligent attitude of science, the inventions and conveniences which science hands us to increase our control of the external world—but we do not apply the foundation principles of science in our own consideration of the problems of daily life."



We Cannot Fulfill the Noble Dream of a True Brotherhood of Man Until We Are Ready to "Pool Our Blood" and to Welcome Chinese, South Sea Islanders, Eskimos or African Pygmies as Mates for Our Sons and Daughters, Prof. Hunt Asserts

The foundation stone of science is that nothing happens without a reason. Every happening is in accordance with some natural law. Miracles and magic are not in accordance with natural law, they are supernatural. Science denies that anything is supernatural; everything follows some natural law. No substantial progress can be made by blindly accepting dogmas and dogmas. Prof. Carlson says:

"Most of the world stories of creation of the universe, animals, man, of divine or demagogical control of natural forces, or disease, etc., that have come to us via the supernatural route run contrary to facts now known, or are rendered untenable, as possibilities, by known facts. Divine benevolence and wrath, devils and demons are not factors in health and disease, according to the data of modern medicine. Science and miracles are incompatible."

"Much happens in nature and in man for which science has yet no complete analysis of the causal chain. We recognize the unknown but not the unknowable. When we know that we don't know, that is itself an achievement, for then the field is cleared of the confusing and obstructing rubbish of tradition, and we are free to use all our ingenuity and imagination in contriving methods to find out."

"The theory of personal immortality appears to be partly of mythological and supernatural origin, partly philosophical."

"Has science anything to say on the theory of personal immortality? The idea of persistence of the individual after physical death came down to us from the rest of the world in most if not all races. What credibility are we going to give to the idea solely because of its venerable age?"

So far as I can see, we can give no greater credibility to the ancient views on immortality than to their views on other things about which they knew nothing. Consciousness, literature, and immortality. It is generally accepted to appear to be just as much an evolution of the material world as is the rest of the body processes. We seem to be forced to this conclusion from the evidence of the intimate dependence of all phases of consciousness, memory, and personality on the quantity and quality of the nervous system, and these, in turn, depend on all the rest of the body mechanisms."

Man's Stupid Neglect In Not Learning His Body's Machinery.

"All the present evidence points to the fact that at death the nervous system goes to pieces with the rest of the body. Indeed, the disintegration of the nervous system, and with it the personality, may start before the death of the individual. The tragedies of 'second childhood,' of the apoplexy, of senile dementia are known to all informed people. It doesn't make any difference whether the disintegration is fast or slow. We may preserve for a time some externals by desiccation, embalming or petrification. But fossils and mummies are as dead as the ashes of the funeral pyre. I cannot conceive of events and environments in the future that would exactly reproduce our heredity and personal experience."

"Science nurtures inquiry, the supernatural stifles it. The two are in their very essence incompatible, but they are apparently coexisting in some scientists of the first rank. Man is, indeed, a perplexing animal. He is rarely consistently consistent or consistently inconsistent. The crook is not always crooked, the murderer is not always a murderer, the thief not always greedy. A honorable person may lie and a liar sometimes tells the truth. A shrewd business man may condescend to a philosopher and be afraid to meet a poet in early childhood are emotionally conditioned to the supernatural, just as they become emotionally conditioned to otherworldly childhood environment: parents, plays, playmates, nursery rhymes, the old swimming hole, and what not. Retaining and recalling these emotions

"Many factors appear to enter into the persistence of early beliefs in the supernatural, such as group loyalty, the desire to conform to social usage, the disinclination to disturb or distrust parents and other intimate friends; social, political and financial ambitions, etc. Men also appear to differ in the emotional satisfaction obtained from the mystic. Our social heritage, good, bad and indifferent, clings to us like the hand and the appendix of organs; inheritance in fact and faith have ruled much of man's past, but the millenium is still far, far away."

And as further evidence of man's stupidity, Professor Andrew C. Ivy, of Northwestern University, recently pointed out that we take very little trouble to learn anything about the machinery of the human body, the cause of human ills and what to do about them. When the telephone repairman, the electrician, the light mechanic, or the man to fix up the radio set walks into the house, many of us have a fairly good idea of what may be wrong, and we watch the repairman's movements more or less intelligent understanding.

But when an ailing citizen calls in the doctor, he usually is as mystified as to what it is all about as is a child in a doctor's office. And thus the door is opened to all sorts of frauds, fakes, humbugs and other impostors who get rich by capitalizing the average man's ignorance and stupidity."

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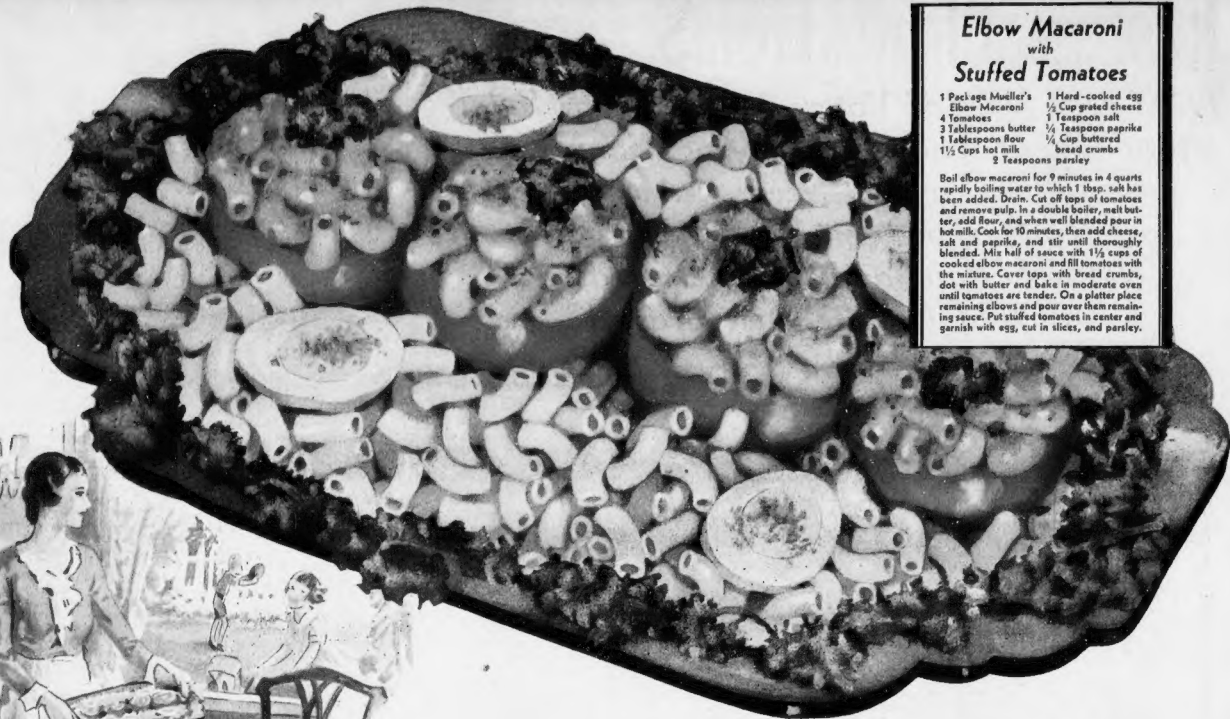
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This Is Known as "The Age of Science," and Yet We Still Believe in Miracles and Magic and All Sorts of Supernatural Things.

Elbow Macaroni with Stuffed Tomatoes

1 Package Mueller's Elbow Macaroni	1 Hard-cooked egg
4 Tomatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cup grated cheese
3 Tablespoons butter	1 Teaspoon salt
1 Tablespoon flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoon paprika
$1\frac{1}{2}$ Cups hot milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cup buttered bread crumbs
2 Teaspoons parsley	

Boil elbow macaroni for 9 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tsp. salt has been added. Drain. Cut off tops of tomatoes and remove pulp. In a double boiler, melt butter, add flour, and when well blended pour in hot milk. Cook for 10 minutes, then add cheese, salt and paprika, and stir until thoroughly blended. Mix half of sauce with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cooked elbow macaroni and fill tomatoes with the mixture. Cover tops with bread crumbs, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven until tomatoes are tender. On a platter place remaining elbows and pour over them remaining sauce. Put stuffed tomatoes in center and garnish with egg, cut in slices, and parsley.



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Largest Selling Brand in America . . and Why

The majority of American housewives insist upon Mueller's when they order elbow macaroni. This is simply because American housewives demand the best for their money. They believe in serving foods that contribute most to the health of their families.

Mueller's Elbow Macaroni is a health food of the highest order. It is made of the finest, purest, most

wholesome ingredients. It cooks up to a rare deliciousness — with a taste that can't be copied. Try it. Ask your grocer. He has Mueller's or can get it for you.

Mueller's Macaroni, Spaghetti and Elbow Macaroni are made from farina — the heart of the wheat. Mueller's Egg Noodles contain only selected fresh eggs and a choice blend of flour. Follow the directions on the Mueller package and boil for 9 minutes. AVOID OVERCOOKING — though 1 to 3 minutes more may be allowed for extra tenderness.

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MACARONI
EGG NOODLES
ELBOW
MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
COOKED
SPAGHETTI



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Please send, without cost or obligation to me, a copy of the Mueller Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

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How Tourists Are Humbled in Paris

Thieves' Dens, Murderous Hideouts of Terrible Creatures of the Underworld, Shown to Open-Mouthed Visitors—but It Is All Staged and Acted by Worthy and Harmless Actors Hired by the Tourist Bureaus

Terrible "Apache" of the Paris Underworld? (Oh, No, a Perfectly Harmless Actor, Hired Every Night to Play the Part to Give the Trembling Tourists a Thrill.)

PARIS, July 3. WHEN Mme. Camille Ixo walked into a Paris court the other day and brought suit against a well-known Paris tourist agency, she let a large sized cat out of the bag. This agency advertises to show visitors the sordid night life of Paris—even the hide-outs of criminals in the catacombs where the police scarcely dare to go, the thugs and "Apaches" in the unspeakable thieves' dens in the cellars. Of course, the French police and the residents of Paris are hugely amused at the loaded "rubberneck wagons," which leave the tourist bureau's headquarters around midnight for the terrible haunts of the underworld. And when Mme. Ixo explained to the court that her contract was to play the part of "Lioness of the Mouffetard Quarter," a desperate creature wanted by the police for endless crimes, everybody laughed loud.

Mme. Ixo's job was to dress in rags every night and put on a wild show in a dimly lighted cave in the catacombs, along with other "thieves" and "murderers," and as each "rubberneck" wagonload of horror-stricken tourists peeped into the den, the police arrived, grabbed the wicked outfit and saved the trembling tourists from probable murder and robbery.

Thus Mme. Ixo played her part over and over again, as the night wore on and the tourist parties made their appearance. But everyone of these terrible creatures of the underworld, including Mme. Ixo, was an actor here longing to the profession, but out of a job and willing to play the underworld parts for the tourist agency at very modest salaries. Mme. Camille Ixo had been herself an ex-singer of the Opera Comique and Scala Theatre, and named 25,000 francs as the amount the agency owed her for breaking her contract.

She told the judge she had been engaged at \$120 a night to pose as a desperate character in an underground cafe which the company had fitted up in the old Catacombs to resemble a refuge of ruffians and outcasts.

Tourists, in quest of all the terrors Paris had to offer, were brought in lighted wagons at dead of night to the door of the lighted catacombs, where they were placed in their hands by a tough-looking guide, who forthwith led them into a humid cellar furnished with a collection of second-hand chairs and tables.

An oil lamp suspended from the ceiling cast a dim and uncertain light upon a group of "Apaches," who sat in the Paris underworld—plotting dark deeds over a bottle of "vin rouge." With their peaked caps pulled down over their eyes, their red handkerchiefs twisted about their throats, their velvet jackets and corduroy pants, they seemed to have stepped out of the pages of one of Francis Crovetto's tales.

Giving a wide berth to these pseudo-cathartics, who were hired at 20 francs a night to lend atmosphere to the place, the visitors followed the guide into another cellar, equally dimly lit, where they were shown the "monaganarian quarryman." Seated on a boulder, this white-haired wreck sang in a quavering voice: "Ce que disent les pierres" (What the stones are saying). The sightseers were informed that he was homeless, penniless, without friends or family, and had come here to die. In reality, the hoarse-headed object of their pity was M. Meunier, formerly of the Opera de Nice, who gained \$1.30 a night in his role of dying outcast.

In cellar number three, their eyes next given a chance to commiserate a



Underworld Dive in a Cellar in the "Dangerous" Section of Paris. But These Ferocious Looking Creatures Are Hired to Play the Part, and as Soon as the Last Load of "Rubberneck Wagon" Tourists Departs, They Put on Their Usual Street Clothes and Go to Their Respectable Homes and Families.

blind accordion player, whose music was not half so melancholy as his appearance. His coat and trousers had been patched with so many different-colored materials that they looked like a Scotch plaid. His wife, who occasionally accompanied him with a dainty ditty, was also disguised as an animated rag-bag. When some school-marm from an American backwoods town dropped a tear or a coin at the pathetic spectacle she little dreamed that the blind player was M. Guezard, formerly acclaimed in Paris musical circles as a composer. Like the quarryman, he also drew \$1.20 for his nocturnal labors.

Members of the "Paris by Night" party were then conducted to a grated doorway over which were scrawled the words: "Asile de Nuit—50 Centimes" (Asylum for the Night—2 Cents), with the great attraction of a curtain over the grate. This guide would let them peep into a roomy sort of cavern in which a dozen or more wretched beings of both sexes were sitting and lying in a heap of straw.

It is doubtful whether the Court of Miracles, so vividly described by Victor Hugo, ever presented such pictures of vice, mendacity and rags—of filthy, filthy and deformed. The figures were dummies and stuffed with straw, with two or three live beggars in their midst—engaged in a card game—to infuse a bit of animation in the lifeless assembly. The inmates, however, as the light was so feeble that spectators, in a hurried glimpse, would never distinguish the fraud.

And it was while they stood gazing here that Mme. Camille Ixo would make her dramatic entry, emerging from the furthest corner of the cellar, followed by two Italian dancers attired as "Apaches." With a bound she would knock over the poor dummies in her path, shouting and brandishing on high a pair of castanets. Her hair dangled, her eyes flashing, her voice reverberating in the hollows of the cellar, she streamed about her, the actress spread consternation among the ranks of the rubber-necks.

"Look! the Lioness of the Mouffetard Quarter!" exclaimed the guide. "She is a terror of the underworld and always in hiding from the police. Ah! the terrible woman. If the police knew she was here."

The fugitive from justice, after letting loose a flood of bilinguistic, would then shake her tawny mane, strike a gypsy attitude, click her castanets and burst out in wild song, all the time dancing madly before the adoring eyes of the dumbfounded on-lookers. She was ably assisted by her two villainous-looking companions, who took delight in frightening the ladies of the



Mme. Camille Ixo, at Home in Her Apartment, 8 Quai d'Autouil, Paris. Being Out of Engagement at the Scala Theatre, Mme. Ixo Played the Part of the "Lioness of the Mouffetard Quarter." Dressed in Rags, and Was Shown to the Tourists as a Desperate Character, Wanted by the Police. Ah! Fortunately at the Very Moment the Trembling Visitors Stare at Her the "Police" Arrive and Save Them from Possible Robbery and Murder.

party by inviting them to join the dance. The show ended abruptly when four men, disguised as gendarmes, would make a raid on the dive. This was the signal for the guide to tell the tourists that it was best to leave at once, and the party hastily scrambled out of the cellar by the light of their candles, glad to escape unscathed from the fury of the lioness and to have seen the dread "Apache" at such close quarters and once again in the hands of the "police."

This farce might have continued indefinitely had not discussion arisen among the actors. The accordionist demanded double pay, complaining that as many as five auto-loads of sightseers often arrived in one night. The vagabonds wanted their salaries raised from 20 to 25 cents, and protested that the late hours kept them from lucrative begging at the door of all-night restaurants at Montparnasse and Montmartre. As for Mme. Ixo, the entire troupe appeared to be jealous of her part as leading "lady."

The travel agency could have put an end to this quabbling in no time had been willing to pay out \$10 more each night for its artists. But it seems that Monsieur F. Le Bourgeois is noted for his economy in business matters, and rather than lose a few francs, he

Looks Dangerous—but This "Apache" and His Knif are Perfectly Harmless. He is an Actor Hired to Give the Tourists a Thrill.



A Wicked Woman of the Paris Underworld and a Motley Collection of Various Characters in a Cellar Den of Thieves? No! Perfectly Harmless Professional Actors and Actresses Paid to Play These Parts to Startle and Thrill the Tourists.

fired the bunch and closed up the cellar, after carrying off his precious dummies that had struck such terror into the hearts of their beholders.

Then Mme. Ixo started suit against the bureau, claiming her contract had been broken. When the case came up before the court recently, Lawyer Maurice Garcon, representing the tourist agency, declared that the actress had no contract, that she was merely paid day by day, and he showed a paper signed by her to that effect. The lioness let out a roar of rage, showed her teeth, and created such a disturbance that the judge cut her short with:

"You are not the lioness here, and we are not in the Catacombs." But Mme. Ixo insisted she had been booked for a fixed period, saying they had tricked her into signing a paper which she thought was in payment for her shawl and costume she had torn into shreds in order to meet with the requirements of her role. And she lashed Lawyer Garcon with her voluble tongue until the laughter of the audience became uproarious and the judge was obliged to interrupt her and call order.

Her choicest language, however, was reserved for M. Le Bourgeois, the manager, whose slender and elegant figure was almost lost in the crowded court room. Mme. Ixo threatened to slap his face and to tear from his coat the Legion of Honor. She was particularly incensed by this little red ribbon, as she said that he told her, when engaging her, that it was a guarantee of his honesty in all his business dealing. When the court finally gave its



Suddenly in This Montmartre Cafe a Tough Looking Cutthroat Appears and a Woman Begs Him to Spare Her Life. Fortunately the "Police" Arrive at Just This Moment. And the Startled Tourists Go Home and Tell the Neighbors How They Narrowly Escaped Seeing a Murder Done Right in Front of Their Eyes One Night in a Terrible Dive in Wicked Montmartre.



decision in favor of the agency, Lawyer Theodore Valensi and his collaborator, Lawyer Moreteau, who had put up a brilliant plea for the lioness, declared they would appeal the case. Mme. Ixo's career has been a spectacular one. She was born in Algeria, who carried her off in his yacht. He had promised to marry her, but his royal mother had other plans for his future.

The deluded damsel then took refuge in Lisbon, and it was not long before she sang and danced her way into the good graces of a young millionaire, but he soon left her. A correspondent for a London newspaper met her and they went to Madrid. If her wedded life did not turn out to be a success (she was compelled to get a divorce), her singing and dancing proved a triumph. Theatres in Madrid, Nice, Paris, Rome, Milan, Venice, Warsaw and London rang with applause when she appeared. Unhappily, Mme. Ixo's business ability was not equal to her artistic talent, for when she tried to manage an opera company at Nice after the war, she lost practically all of her fortune.

It must not be supposed that the Bougeois' resort in the Rue d'Homond was unique in its terror and imposture. Bague heaven about on the Left Bank of the Seine. One of the most popular with trans-Atlantic travellers in search of shudders is "Le Caveau de la Terreur," which is situated in a

cafe cellar on the Rue de la Harquette, and is a veritable museum of skulls, bones and torture implements of the Middle Ages. (It is the fact that M. A. Grimaud, an authority on antiquities and a member of the "Commission du Vieux Paris," has branded this exhibition as "chique" (fake), visitors are solemnly shown the "Tribunal," "Execution Room," and fatal "Well"—all in their "primitive" state.)

In the Rue Galande is another underground cabaret—"Le Caveau des Oubliettes Rouges"—that boasts dungeons, walls scribbled over with names of Revolutionaries, trap-doors, rusty chains and iron-collars, pistols, daggers and death's-heads calculated to make shivers run down the spine of the bravest. The incredible and the macabre reign here supreme. A guillotine has even been set up in the restaurant-bar, and the spectator has "sawed" full with horrors, like Macbeth, when he leaves the place.

And there is "La Boule Noire," on the Boulevard de Rochechouart, which hires men to dress up and dance like the "Apaches" for the edification of those sightseers who are not content with the wax figures of the fabulous past at the Moulin Rouge museum, and must see him in the flesh. Even the waiters of the establishment are clad in corduroys and wear a flaming bandana tied about their necks, and it is whispered that every one of them is a cutthroat. The cabaret walls are adorned with caricatures of this pretor of pavement nymphs, with his pointed skull, crossed by a cyclone cap, his shifty eyes, and his ears that stand straight out from his head. And the harlequin individuals who are called here till the wee hours of the morning, do their best to emulate the wall pictures and to give a "frisson" (a shudder) to their foreign guests. The dance-hall is darkened during their realistic numbers, and it is rare indeed, that a tourist departs disoriented with his excursion into Apache-land.

THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT
... THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR



Sedan (4-door 3-window), \$635

WALTER P. CHRYSLER
ANNOUNCES

\$535
AND UP - F.O.B. FACTORY

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER and FREE WHEELING

THE VIBRATIONLESS CAR FOR MILLIONS IN THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD

TO produce in 1931 an achievement in motor car design, engineering and pricing so revolutionary that it transcends every previous standard of quality, performance and value in the field of lowest price is to challenge the world.

That is precisely what the New Plymouth does.

It challenges the previous finest in design among lowest-priced cars.

It challenges the former best in smoothness and performance.

It challenges the world's greatest in motor car manufacture.

It challenges every known standard of automobile value.

Plymouth challenges with the greatest contribution Chrysler Motors engineers have made to modern motoring—"Floating Power."

For years, while designing fine Sixes and Eights for Chrysler, Dodge and DeSoto, Chrysler Motors engineers have worked unceasingly for the perfected Four.

Now they give you the results of their labors and discoveries—

The New Plymouth, a quality car of lowest price with the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four—due to Plymouth's exclusive Floating Power.

In more than a quarter century of automobile experience, Chrysler Motors engineers have never wavered in their steadfast faith that the best car of lowest price is the Four.

They knew the Four was the best car for millions; they knew they could build a better quality car of four cylinders at a given cost.

Chrysler Motors engineers proved time and time again that a Four is more rugged and longer-lived; that a Four is more economical to operate, easier and cheaper to maintain; that a Four of equal horsepower has as great, or greater, speed—as much, or more, lugging power—as fast, or faster, pick-up than any car of more than four cylinders.

And anyone who counts the number of parts in a Four as contrasted with a Six or an Eight knows that the Four is simpler.

There has been just one thing fundamentally wrong with Fours—with earlier Chrysler-built Fours as well as others. That was vibration.

Now exclusive Floating Power makes the New Plymouth smooth as an Eight.

It was characteristic of the old-time Four that its power impulses were distinct—plainly marked by what engineers call "interrupted torque" that sent vibrations through the frame and body to driver and passengers.

Here is power unshackled, yet power as smooth as satin, as soft as velvet. Here is power without vibration—literally floating; power so silken that even experts could not name the number of cylinders under the Plymouth hood, and many guessed the New Plymouth to be an Eight.

These are strong statements.

You may take our word for them; but we much prefer that you prove them.

Plymouth challenges with Free Wheeling in all forward speeds.

In the lowest-priced field Plymouth gives you this epochal development in smooth, easy driving and econ-

omy. With Plymouth Free Wheeling you can shift gears between all forward speeds without declutching. Here's a feature that adds zest and ease to driving in heavy traffic.

Plymouth challenges with a new, easy-shift transmission.

Besides Free Wheeling Plymouth offers a new, easy-shift transmission which makes it possible to shift not only from second to high at speeds of 35 or 45 miles an hour but back into second at these speeds, when you need sudden acceleration without clashing or grinding. Here's a feature that adds safety to driving where grades are stiff and steep.

Plymouth challenges with 56 brake-test horsepower.

Here is more power than you ever need—with actual stop watch speed of 65 to 70 miles per hour; pick-up from 0 to 40 miles in 9.7 seconds.

Plymouth challenges with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes.

Among all cars in the lowest-price field, only Plymouth has weatherproof hydraulic brakes—simplest and unexcelled for safety and smoothness.

Plymouth challenges with double-drop frame.

Chrysler Motors engineers have given this high-priced car feature to the Plymouth. Plymouth has a still lower center of gravity, still greater safety, still greater riding ease, still finer style.

Plymouth challenges with entirely new styling, with new eye-compelling beauty of line and color.

We believe the New Plymouth establishes in the field of lowest price a new degree of artistic advancement.

By the principles of Dynamic Symmetry Chrysler Motors designers have created outstanding and inescapable beauty.

Plymouth challenges with full-size Safety-Steel body, with wire wheels standard, with hydraulic shock absorbers.

No feature of luxurious comfort, of long-lived reliability, of economy has been left out of the New Plymouth.

I am happy to extend to the entire motoring world a cordial welcome to see, to drive and to ride in the New Plymouth, and to invite comparison between this exceptional product of Chrysler Motors engineering and any car in the world at or near the price of the New Plymouth.

This vibrationless Four that wipes out all earlier conceptions of fine motoring in the lowest-priced field challenges your attention; take a demonstration and let the New Plymouth prove its superiority.

W.P. Chrysler

NEW PLYMOUTH BODY STYLES—Roadster \$535 • Sport Roadster \$595 • Sport Phaeton \$595 • Coupe \$565 Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610 • Convertible Coupe \$645 • Sedan (2-door) \$575 • Sedan (4-door 3-window) \$635, f. o. b. factory • Wire wheels standard at no extra cost. Convenient time-payments may be arranged.

NOW // SPECIAL DISPLAY // ALL CHRYSLER,
DODGE AND DESOTO SALESROOMS

What "Vitamins" Are — and how to Get Enough of Them

Six Rather Mysterious Substances You Must Have in Your Food or You Will Be Sick or Enfeebled—Each One of the Six Has a Special Work to Do; Just as Eyes, Ears, Taste Have Their Own Separate Job and Cannot Replace One Another

The Six Vitamins and the Foods That Supply Them

Name.	What It Is Needed For.	Chief Foods That Supply It.
Vitamin A	To help prevent colds and other germ infections. To maintain the health and promote the growth of children. To prevent the eye disease called xerophthalmia.	Milk, butter and fresh cheese. Eggs. Green vegetables, such as spinach, watercress and turnip greens. Yellow vegetables, especially carrots and yellow corn.
Vitamin B (also called B1 and B2)	To preserve nerve health and prevent the nerve disease called polyneuritis. To improve appetite. To aid the growth of babies.	Germs of wheat and other cereals. Liver. Yeast. Lettuce. Raw peanuts.
Vitamin C	To maintain a healthy condition of the blood capillaries and prevent the disease called scurvy.	Lemons, oranges and grapefruit. Raw cabbage and sauerkraut. Sprouted grain or peas. Tomatoes, leafy green vegetables. Raw spinach, turnips or green peppers.
Vitamin D	To aid bone growth and prevent the disease called rickets, especially in children. To prevent tooth decay. To aid the clotting of blood.	Liver and cod liver oil. Egg yolk. Butter. Sunlight, and (under medical direction) "sunbathing."
Vitamin E	To aid the life and growth of babies before birth.	Germ oil of wheat and other grains and many other vegetable oils. Fresh meat and animal fat. Fresh lettuce.
Vitamin F	This is same as Vitamin B.	Same as Vitamin B.
Vitamin G (also called B3)	To prevent the skin disease called pellagra and some other skin disorders.	Fresh or evaporated milk. Liver. Green vegetables (even if canned). Bananas. Yeast.

EVERYBODY has heard about vitamins—these mysterious things in your food which no body can see, smell or taste. But unless you get a proper quantity of them, you are likely to be feeble, have various diseases and may even die for the lack of them. There are at least six of these newly discovered little mysteries and each one of them has special work to do in keeping the machinery of the body working properly. Just as the eyes, ears, nose, all perform separate functions, so also each one of the six vitamins has its special jobs. And as your eyes cannot take the place of your ears and you cannot receive a warning from an automobile horn through the sense of smell—so no one of the vitamins seems to be able to take up completely the work of any of the others. At least these six mysterious substances have been settled upon by science as actually existing. Some others are suspected, but not yet proved. Of the six that science agrees on, each one seems to have different duties from the others, as already pointed out. Lack of one of the six in the food causes one disease; lack of some other one causes another. And the different vitamins exist in different foods; so that eating one food to obtain one vitamin may leave the diet still short of some other vitamin.

On this page is printed a chart prepared carefully from all of the information that science now possesses about vitamins. The chart shows the different ones among the six are listed, as are the chief foods that contain them. The housewife may depend upon this table in selecting foods and arranging meals.

Only the chief food sources of the different vitamins are given, which leaves out of account many other foods that contain smaller amounts of the different ones. If a person dislikes and cannot eat any of the main vitamin foods it often is possible to get the body's necessary vitamins supply by eating larger amounts of some other food containing a smaller quantity of the vitamin thus left undisturbed.

For the details of the vitamins and about the percentages of vitamins in all common foods, whether these are in larger or smaller amounts, please consult the detailed tables prepared, for example, by scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

In spite of their great importance for life and health, one knows for sure what the vitamins are or how they work. Two of them, Vitamin A and Vitamin D, are believed to have been isolated in reasonably pure chemical form, but even these identifications are uncertain. Yet no scientist doubts any longer that at least these six vitamins really exist and are important. Probably all of them are chemical compounds of one kind or very tiny quantities of which are needed for some operation of the human body.

The amounts of oil which the engineer drops into little holes here and there about a locomotive are very tiny in comparison with the enormous amounts of coal which it burns. Yet if these tiny droplets of oil are not provided the locomotive will not run properly. It may even burn up or wreck itself. Something of the same is the role of vitamins in the living body. They probably supply no actual food values. That is the duty of

the main constituents of the foods; carbohydrates like starch and sugar, fats like oil, butter, proteins like meat or beans. What the vitamins do is to oil the machinery somehow, or perhaps to supply tiny amounts of chemicals needed for one of the body's vital reactions.

Mankind has developed by evolution the basis of a food supply of natural fruits, meats and vegetables. It is only reasonable, therefore, that such materials contain the necessary vitamins. What really happened is that the human body developed uses and needs for just those vitamin materials that such natural foods supply. Individuals who happened to need for their bodily machinery some of the vitamins, and unusual variety of vitamin "oil" would die and be discarded by Nature, just as a locomotive which needed some rare or expensive oil, like oil of rose, soon would be abandoned by the railway managers.

Although science's knowledge of vitamins is only about thirty years old it explains many mysterious observations made in past centuries. Travelers and crews in sailing ships, for example, used to suffer frequently from scurvy. This is now known to be a disease caused by the absence of one of the vitamins, Vitamin C, supplied by many fresh fruits and vegetables. The diseased sailors, or sailors at sea, who ate only salted meats and other preserved foods which often formed the entire diet of the original B vitamin sometimes called Vitamin E. Accordingly, the crews developed scurvy. The bottled lime juice or lemon juice was carried and doled out in small doses to the crew, observed by having discovered that this prevented scurvy. That is why British ships and sailors sometimes still are called "lime juice." Nowadays science knows that this vitamin, Vitamin C, is found in all of the citrus fruits known to the Vitamin C that prevents scurvy.

One of the Augustus of Rome was ill and about to die. He had an intense craving, the naturalist Pliny records, for lemons. When the Emperor's physician would not permit, fortunately for his life, the dying Emperor dismissed the physician and got another who would allow the lettuce. Recovery followed promptly. It is reasonable to think, modern physicians believe, that the Emperor really was suffering from some disease caused by lack of one of the vitamins, perhaps Vitamin A or Vitamin B. The lettuce may have supplied this missing material. It does not do to assume, however, that all food cravings indicate some kind of vitamin deficiency. For example, refined sugar causes no vitamins.

These Two Chicks Were Hatched at the University of Maine From the Same Setting of Eggs, but the Big One Was Given a Sun-Bath of Fifteen Minutes Every Day of Ultra-Violet Light, While the Smaller, Feebler Bird Was Kept Indoors and Never Allowed Any Sunlight. The Surroundings and the Food for the Two Chicks Were the Same in All Other Respects.

The Lack of Vitamin A Makes Some People Susceptible to Colds and Other Germ Infections. This Man Would Not Be Sneezing and His Nose Running, Perhaps, If He Had Looked at the Table Printed on This Page and Made Sure He Was Eating Food to Supply His Needs for Vitamin A.

Also, many people sicken and die from diseases like beriberi or pellagra without having the slightest craving for the foods that would supply the missing vitamins and cure the disease. When the existence of the vitamins first was recognized by science they were called by descriptive, like "fat-soluble vitamins," and so on. Later scientists agreed to letter them, temporarily at least, and until the real chemical nature of the substances concerned could be discovered. That is why the present list is lettered A, B, C and so on. Vitamin F is the same as Vitamin B, but this letter (F) was assigned by some investigators to one fraction separated from the original Vitamin B, recently proved to be a complex material consisting of at least two separate vitamins and perhaps of four. In America the original letter B usually is assigned to the one fraction of the original B vitamin sometimes called Vitamin F, leaving the F place vacant.

Other complexities exist in the letter method of naming vitamins and doubtless this will be abandoned sometime in favor of more exact names and descriptions. This can scarcely be done, however, until the chemical nature of these materials is better understood. The important practical thing, anyway, is not the name of a vitamin, but the things that it is needed for and the foods that contain it.

One of the two vitamins that does seem to have been identified by the chemists is Vitamin D, lack of which causes the children's disease called rickets, a softening of the bones that makes bow-legged babies with deformed chests and other faults of the skeleton. It has been known for generations that food



This Forlorn Looking White Leghorn Rooster Has Been Purposely Starved of Vitamin B. It Was Fed Grain From Which Vitamin B Had Been Carefully Removed. So the Unfortunate Bird Drooped and Almost Died—But When a Supply of Vitamin B Was Put Back Into Its Food He Was Up and Around Next Day.



Children Who Have Been Starved of a Necessary Supply of Vitamin D and Have Acquired Soft Bones Are Put Back Into the Sunbath of Artificial Sunlight from a Medically Supervised Ultra-Violet Ray Lamp.

without resorting to any kind of artificial or modified material. Another vitamin now believed to have been identified, chemically, is Vitamin A. The substance concerned in this instance is the yellow chemical called carotin, which is what gives the color to carrots. This yellow carotin is present, also, in the majority of green vegetables, like spinach, although its color is obscured in these vegetables by the stronger green of the chlorophyll, the ordinary green coloring matter of plants. Such vegetables as spinach and carrots are known to be especially rich in Vitamin A and to exert powerful effects of this vitamin's effects. The reason for this, recent experiments in England indicate, is that the carotin itself rather than Vitamin A or gives rise to that vitamin by some change occurring in the body, just as ergosterol gives rise to Vitamin D.

This Vitamin A, furthermore, is probably the most important one, practically in America, for it is the vitamin most likely to be lacking in the average American diet. Many Americans tend to eat meals of concentrated foods like meat, potatoes, bread and sugar. These are good foods so far as concerns supplying energy to the body, but they lack Vitamin A almost completely. One of the most important medical conclusions of recent years is that larger amounts of fresh milk and green and yellow vegetables in the diet tend to reduce the number of colds which a person catches and to prevent other kinds of germ infections, doubtless because of larger supplies of Vitamin A.

There seems to be some relation, too, between Vitamin A and Vitamin D, for it has been found that a reasonable amount of sunlight or of ultra-violet rays also, at least under some conditions, increasing the body's resistance to germs. These facts, however, are still under investigation and cannot be taken as certain.

Another vitamin which may be lacking in the average American diet is Vitamin B, the lack of which acts to prevent nervous disorders like neuritis and certain kinds of paralysis. Some physicians believe that the relatively great prevalence of mild nervous disorders in the United States may be due to a general deficiency of this vitamin, which lack does not go far enough to produce more definite illness or death. If harm is done, as many diet experts insist, by the substitution of fully bleached white flour for the older flour

The Common Carrot Provides a Fine Supply of Vitamin A, Which Helps to Prevent Your Catching Cold, and Is Valuable in Other Ways. Yellow Corn Is Another Excellent Source of Vitamin A.

containing the oily germs of the wheat seeds as well as the starchy parts, that harm probably is due to the rejection of the part of wheat grain containing this vitamin.

Vitamin B is plentifully supplied, however, by liver and fresh lettuce, which may be one reason for the benefits often experienced by eating these foods. It is chiefly Vitamin B, also, which is present in uncooked yeast and which probably is responsible for the occasional effects of this material in improving health. Many fresh vegetables also contain reasonable amounts of Vitamin B, although not so much of it as lettuce or liver.

It is probable that any one who makes it a practice to eat one or two fresh green vegetables at least once a day will get enough of all three of these vitamins, A, B and D, for ordinary life, although possibly not to cure a diseased condition that already exists. In cases of actual disease from lack of vitamins the proper thing to do, as in all cases of actual disease, is to consult a skilled physician.

Vitamin C probably is rarely lacking in any normal diet of fresh foods, although it is possible that some individuals who live almost entirely on meat and potatoes may get mild scurvy-like disorders indicated by disturbances of the blood supply to the skin. The effect of lack of Vitamin C, it now is believed, is to damage the blood capillaries. The blotches and sores which appear on the skin in cases of scurvy are extreme instances of this. Very small amounts of oranges, lemons, raw cabbage or uncooked sauerkraut are sufficient, however, to ward off any such danger.

Vitamin E, discovered not long ago by Professor H. M. Evans of the University of California, may be lacking in some instances in the diet of expectant mothers and should be supplied in such instances by fresh vegetables, lettuce and meat or by foods containing the germ oils of wheat or other grains. Germs, however, there is no serious lack of this vitamin or of Vitamin G. The amounts necessary seem to be small and ordinary diets apparently supply them.

It is not difficult, a study of the chart printed on this page will show, to provide a diet which will contain necessary amounts of all the vitamins, as well as the needed quantities of energy-producing foods like fat and sugar. Nor does the ordinary individual need to give up his or her favorite foods to get vitamins. All that is necessary is to be sure that none of the six known vitamins is absent altogether from the diet.

A Characteristic Case of Rickets ("Soft Bones") Which Can Be Arrested and Cured by Sunshine or More Vitamin D.

These Two Chicks Were Hatched at the University of Maine From the Same Setting of Eggs, but the Big One Was Given a Sun-Bath of Fifteen Minutes Every Day of Ultra-Violet Light, While the Smaller, Feebler Bird Was Kept Indoors and Never Allowed Any Sunlight. The Surroundings and the Food for the Two Chicks Were the Same in All Other Respects.

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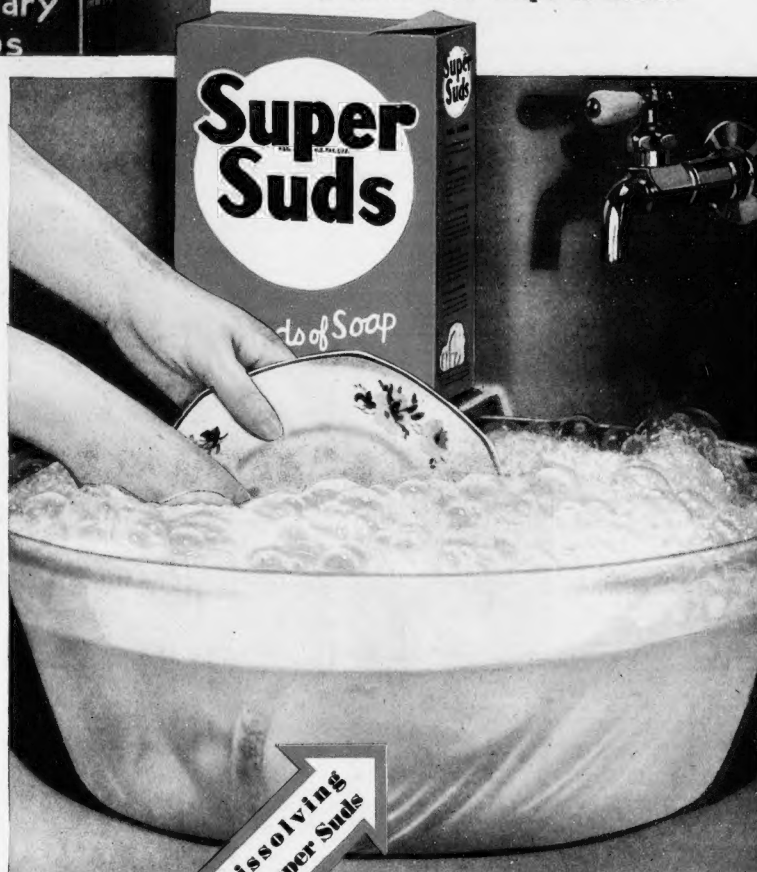
Speed soap banishes *greasy* dishwater

Camera shows Super Suds gives instant soapiness, while chips stay half-dissolved



Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips

(At left) *Slow-dissolving chips.* This actual color photograph reveals how slowly chips dissolve below the surface of the water. Notice the undissolved soap—the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashing.



Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds

(Above) *Bead soap in action.* Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

GREASY dishwater . . . the most unpleasant part of dishwashing! What causes it? What will prevent it? Thousands of women who wash dishes three times a day, are looking for a solution to this problem.

And now the camera brings you the answer.

In these two photographs taken through glass dishpans you see what has never been revealed before. An amazing difference between the way different forms of soap dissolve. A difference that is responsible, say authorities, for greasy dishwaters. For drudgery dishwashing.

Camera shows Super Suds prevents greasy dishwater

Examine, just for a minute, the dishpan at the left, where you see flake soap at work. Notice how, in spite of ornamental surface suds, the water below is clogged with gummy bits of half-dissolved soap. Of course you can't expect a soap that dissolves so slowly to prevent greasy dishwater. It may be a *pure* soap. It may give you plenty of *surface* suds. But it's in the *wrong form* to give you the instant down-to-the-bottom-of-the-dishpan soapiness that counteracts greasiness.

For further proof of this, just compare this dishpan with that on the right, where Super Suds was used. Top suds? Yes. But in addition—*below those suds*—down where the real job of dishwashing is done . . . *complete soapiness*. Not a speck of soap left undissolved. Why? Because Super Suds is made in bead form . . . the only form in which soap dissolves instantly.

Consider how this instant dissolving, this complete soapiness shortens dishwashing—1. There's no waiting for suds. 2. Dishes wash clean faster. 3. They *drain* dry after rinsing without spots or streakiness. Thus making dishwashing unnecessary.

Cuts soap bills this way

No matter how satisfied you are with the soap you're now using, make this test. Use just one box of Super Suds. Notice how much time it saves. How it cuts soap bills. Your grocer has Super Suds.

You can make this test yourself

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands. *Instantly*, you get the same results shown in dishpan pictures above.



*These tests were made under identical conditions. 1/2 oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, 1/2 oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were added simultaneously to each pan. Then photographs were taken.

HEAR CLARA, LU 'n' EM ON THE RADIO. Every night except Sunday and Monday, 10:30 to 10:45 p. m. Eastern Daylight Time over WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, KDKA; 9:30 to 9:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time over WHAM, WJR, WGAR, WLS; 9:30 to 9:45 p. m. Central Daylight Time over WGN; 8:30 to 8:45 p. m. Central Standard Time over KWK, WREN.

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢

Champion Marriers and Divorcers

Mrs. Paschall, of Louisiana, Has Recently Acquired Her Eleventh Husband and Mr. Steele, of Texas, Has Just Divorced His Fourteenth Wife, Completely Breaking the Records of Stage Stars and Fashionable Divorcees



Peggy Joyce Conducted Her Matrimonial Ventures in New York, Which Is a Richer Field Than Louisiana or Texas.

A LOUISIANA lady has just married her eleventh husband, Mr. Louis C. Paschall. And Bruce K. Steele, a Texas gentleman, has just been divorced by his fourteenth wife.

Most newspaper readers think of the late Nat Goodwin, the comedian, as holding the record as a marrying man, because he acquired five wives during his busy career. And Peggy Joyce, another stage star, is commonly supposed to be the champion American multiple wife, with her record of four known trips to the altar. But the ladies and gentlemen of the stage are not so far ahead of some of the rich and fashionable social leaders. Margaret Emerson, born to millions, married in succession four times.

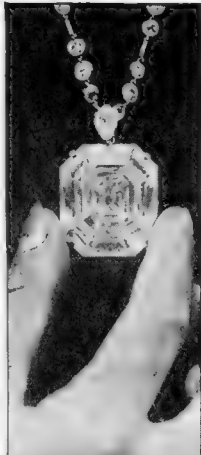
Nevertheless, in spite of the advertising and publicity that stage stars get, and the enormous advantage Mrs. Emerson - McKim - Vanderbilt - Baker - Amory possessed, with her great fortune - yet the fact stands forth that two humble unadvertised American men and women have shown more matrimonial achievements than the better known and wealthy husband or wife hunters.

When a lot of people do exactly the same thing, such as joining the army or marrying the same man or woman, they produce statistics from which important facts may be learned. And so the experiments of these two wholesale marriers throw an interesting light on the question of what makes men and women marry and unmarry.

A comparison of the careers of these two matrimonial go-getters indicates that women pick their husbands with greater thought and care than men use in picking their wives and that husbands whether dead, divorced or otherwise departed are remembered more vividly than are lost or strayed wives.

Mrs. Paschall can remember all the good and bad points of everyone of her eleven husbands and can even name and describe most of their relatives, but Bruce Steele, the El Paso shill, has forgotten the maiden names of nearly all his fourteen brides. All he is sure of is their first names and the order in which he married them. Even at that he used to make embarrassing moments for himself by calling his current wife by the first name of one who was two or three divorces back. He usually remedied this by calling each and every wife "Dearest" or "Darling."

Of Mrs. Paschall's eleven husbands seven were failures and had to be divorced, one (the present one) has just married and therefore has not yet judged, and the remaining three were



The \$300,000 Famous Blue Diamond Which Peggy Joyce Was Able to Buy, Among Other Jewels, From the Prests of Her Stage and Matrimonial Career.

out-and-out successes. The somewhat ominous part of these statistics is that the three successes all died prematurely. Therefore a chart of Mrs. Paschall's matrimonial life would show that her present husband's chances are seven to three that he will be a failure and divorced, three to seven that he will be a success, but dead, and ten to nothing that he will succeed and live.

From her new matrimonial experience, which began before she was fifteen years old, Mrs. McDonald-Walters - Branson - Burgess - Chevalier - Gardner-White - Lutz - Hatfield - Williams - Paschall utters a word of caution to other women against a type of husband that is generally held up as highly desirable, in fact, an ideal. Most every girl has been told that a man who has seen his wild oats, gotten over his foolishness about palling around and wants to settle down in a nice home and can appreciate the wife who will give it to him, will make a highly satisfactory husband. He won't be running around, all right, while his poor little wife wonders what he is doing and who is helping him do it. He will be right, where she can keep her eye on him.

Mrs. Paschall, however, finds that



The Late Nat Goodwin, Who Acquired Five Wives.



Mr. and Mrs. Paschall. This Is a Photograph of the Louisiana Matrimonial Champion and Shows Her With Her Eleventh Husband.

foretold. He said he wanted to settle down.

The widow thought such a hard-working man would be useful around the farm but soon found that he had married for a rest and had settled down into a piazza chair. After a few months Mrs. Walters put an end to her husband's vacation with a divorce. For her third husband she picked a prize in C. E. Branson, a railroad section foreman, who not only did a large part of the farm chores but turned over his entire pay envelope to his wife. Caroline would have been glad to keep him forever, but he was too good to last and after a few happy and profitable years was killed in a railroad accident.

This third and perhaps most perfect of all her husbands was married for nearly a year and then she took the name of Burgess and with it the owner of a prosperous blacksmith shop. Burgess was a Canadian and might have been rated as a success if he had died instead of having an apoplectic stroke after six months. After he had lost his blacksmith business Caroline sent him back to Canada to get well. When he failed to get well she divorced him. His failure was health failure.

Still Caroline hadn't exactly lost anything by matrimony. She now owned a large and prosperous farm and was making a lot of money from summer boarders, so she received a long string of suitors, but finally remembering how happy she had been with her first husband, a real dirt-farmer, she accepted Pompele Chevalier, a man who assured her that he loved the farm. After a two-week honeymoon, when Caroline tried to get some work out of her new husband, she found that he loved the farm but not farming. They had a serious talk and then Mr. Chevalier got on a horse and rode right out of her life.

Like that ideal third husband, the very next one was a railroadman, John C. Gardner. He also would have been set down in Caroline's memory as a success had he died within the first two and a half years of their wedded life. But he lived and one day his wife told him to hike. Gardner hiked and his departure was followed by divorce. The reason given for this he dabbled with an other woman.

"I never gave a husband but one chance," says the much-married lady. "I come to me with two strikes on them, and they know it."

home all the time. To justify his existence he strove to get her to turn over her investments to him to manage. When, after three months he could hardly expect an elegant actor to do laborious work on a farm so about all that was required of him was to entertain callers and boarders. But one day she told him to hike and he hiked. It was the same reason as in Gardner's case. She says he had a girl in Alexandria. However, he would not have rated as a perfect husband even if he had died before she caught him. He used to try to borrow money for a theatrical venture, and ideal husbands give but never ask.

Caroline, in 1924 went back to her original idea of marrying dirt farmers, taking B. H. Hatfield, a real one who made her happy by doing his outdoor work and helping on her indoor chores. But he died after three years, from an operation and, like the other two flawless husbands, is only a memory and example for later ones.

John N. Willis became number ten, not because Caroline thought a shopkeeper would make an agreeable change, but on account of his irresistible ardor. After winning his prize Willis' ardor cooled somewhat, but he was tolerated until last February when, in the course of an argument about his inattentiveness, he said that his life was going to make him an equal partner in her properties, which by that time included four producing oil wells on her farm.

"Never!" answered Mrs. Willis and Mr. Willis hiked without waiting for a trial. She says. Prompt divorce cleared the way for Mr. Paschall, husband number eleven. This latest incumbent worked ten years in a farm loan concern but before that was a railroad for many years, which always counts favorably with Caroline in picking new husbands.

Mrs. Paschall is now wealthy, but while she was collecting most of her husbands all she had was a home.



Margaret Emerson at the Time She Embarked on Her Matrimonial Career. She Had the Advantage of Enormous Wealth.

This was in 1917 and in that same year she married a saw-mill operator of Urmia, Charles White. White was another home-lover, but his wife objected to his giving up his business in order to be a home-lover.

To be a wholesale winner of wives it is not necessary to have a home, much money or good looks, as Bruce K. Steele observed the other day after being divorced for the fourteenth time. Mr. Steele is a plumber and all-around mechanic of El Paso, Texas, but he has lived a saving life and expects to keep on marrying for some time to come. He is one man who is not looking for a home and yet Mrs. Paschall might not find him an ideal husband either. Asked why so many women fell for him, this matrimonial go-getter replied:

"It is the simplest thing in the world. Just listen to any woman and she will tell you how to win her. Every woman has a lot of grievances with one main one that beats the last. Whatever a woman possesses she does not value much; it is what some other woman has and she has not that seems precious. Don't tell her she is silly. Get it for her and she is yours. Of course if a woman's main grievance is lack of diamonds and steam yachts I don't want to hear any more, but usually what they lack is within reason."

"You will find that somebody won't take her to the movies enough or if he takes her plenty, she doesn't care that that any more and the trouble is that he won't take her dancing enough. But nine times out of ten she thinks he wants to get out of her own home town. Give women what they want, has told her she can't have and she thinks you are wonderful and falls in love with you. Of course you want to flatter women, but everybody knows that."

Asked why they fell out of love with him so fast as to account for fourteen divorces, Steele denied it, asserting that every last one of his wives was still in love with him and they had all divorced him from jealousy.

"I could go on and on and on and on," he prophesied the "sheik" who I marry Fannie three times and Nellie twice. "I certainly did but Fannie fooled him with her third divorce because he did not want it and even contented it in court. Mr. Steele says he learned about women during the 300 odd visits a year he made to home away at work. "Half the time women send for the plumber just to tell him their troubles, while he works," says Mr. Steele, "that in the country they usually send for a doctor because a country doctor will listen cheaper than a plumber. There is nothing the matter with matrimony. Just give the women what they want and give them a divorce every little while."

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL



*You save on every purchase
during July and August*

2 BOXES of Modess Regular . . . 90¢

1 Travel Package 25¢
6 Modess Compact

TOTAL VALUE \$1.15

ALL 3 for
79¢

PERFECT SUMMER COMFORT AT A SPECIAL SUMMER PRICE

This Modess Vacation Special is a grand buy. You get \$1.15 worth of Modess for 79¢. And the two boxes of Modess Regular with the Travel Package of 6 Modess Compact are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed to half its thickness. It is a good thing to have on hand to supplement your supply of Modess Regular for wear at times when less thickness is desired.

The Travel Package itself is so useful. It needs very little room in a travel bag. As a reserve package for guest use it will add to your reputation as a perfect hostess.

SAFE, SOFT, COOL CLEAN PROTECTION

If you use Modess you know it is the safest, softest sanitary protection you have ever had. If you have never tried it—now's your chance. The cool, evenly absorbent filler—besides being absolutely safe and comfortable—fits so smoothly that it won't spoil the line of any dress. Modess is deodorized—disposable. You can really wear Modess under your thinnest summer clothes without worrying about it in any way.

If you're a thrifty soul you'll buy several of these Modess Vacation Specials—while you can get them so cheaply—and tuck them away for future use. Remember, the Modess Vacation Special only holds good during July and August.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages,
Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



Now! Actually Get Rid Of Arm and Leg Hair

Banish Completely the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to be the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Re-appearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair thousands of women are charged in the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.



Not only is slightest trace of coarsened re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair is delayed amazingly.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmetics about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is
It is an exquisite toilet cream resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed.

be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed amazingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before—your life free from annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain
It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

Neet Cream Hair Remover

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Only UNGUENTINE stops sunburn pain so QUICKLY!



The minute you apply Unguentine, the fiery pain is soothed—quenched—banished with anything else. Lotions, toilet preparations only reach the outer surface of the skin. But Unguentine penetrates! It sinks right down to the inflamed tissues, where the pain actually occurs.

don't take chances with lotions and toilet preparations
Severe sunburn is just as painful as any other burn—and it too may become infected. Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should you. Never use anything but UNGUENTINE, the famous antiseptic remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds. Unguentine soon chills the searing red to a good-looking tan. Only 50 cents a tin. Your druggist's! Got a tube to-day!

Norwich

Because UNGUENTINE goes as deep as the burn

Lani Love—by Lucy Castello

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Fought Against Her Own Heart

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BRAZILIAN Adora was the daughter of a Portuguese nobleman who came to the South Sea Islands to marry a girl of the same name. She was a beautiful girl, and her father, who was a nobleman, was very rich. He had a large estate, and he was very kind to his subjects. He was a very good man, and he was very kind to his subjects. He was a very good man, and he was very kind to his subjects.



Conchita watched Adora's flight, murder now passionately in her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Dark Days.

AVA was the daughter of a nobleman who came to the South Sea Islands to marry a girl of the same name. She was a beautiful girl, and her father, who was a nobleman, was very rich. He had a large estate, and he was very kind to his subjects. He was a very good man, and he was very kind to his subjects.

Conchita watched Adora's flight, murder now passionately in her heart. She was a beautiful girl, and her father, who was a nobleman, was very rich. He had a large estate, and he was very kind to his subjects. He was a very good man, and he was very kind to his subjects.

Suddenly from behind her, however, a voice called out to her. It was a voice that she had never heard before, and it was a voice that she had never heard before. It was a voice that she had never heard before, and it was a voice that she had never heard before.

The sight of him now, and only surprised but startled her. She wondered if, coming behind her as he had done, he had seen her. She was confused, for she had never seen him before. She was confused, for she had never seen him before.

The priest nodded. "This morning, my child, I came on my way to the altar. I was going to the altar, and I was going to the altar. I was going to the altar, and I was going to the altar.

"It was a mistake," Conchita hastened to answer. "The nobleman was a mistake, and the nobleman was a mistake. The nobleman was a mistake, and the nobleman was a mistake.

Conchita, remembering the stiletto in her stocking knee, colored and looked confused. She felt that he was reading her like a book, and that his last words

had been deliberately addressed to her. Meantime, Adora drew nearer to the priest.

"That terrible man is really dead, father?" she asked. He died in my presence, however, after confessing his sins. Truly the shadow of death makes the biggest coward of those who are belated in breaking the laws of men. However, while some are taken others are left. You, my daughter, are here after all in the flesh. Too late, I fear, to have rejected the heart of Don Carlos.

"Too late?" Both Adora and Conchita, startled by the sad intonation of the priest's voice, exchanged that question simultaneously. "Too late," he said, "because I have been the bearer of bad news, indeed. The exact truth of it I do not know. It is many hours now since I saw Don Carlos. But, as I left Saranosa to him since, it was stated to me on good authority that, while engaged in rescue work this afternoon, part of a building fell in on our noble friend and buried him."

Adora, staring down with blind eyes at the distant wreckage of what had once been Saranosa, rose twisted and broken houses, fantastic and fearful shapes under a canopy of ashes and lay by the fatal glare of vengeful Pallanosa, saw only the wreckage of her own life, swallowed before ever she had been a wife.

That was her first thought, and then she remembered Conchita. Conchita in the arms of Carlos, her lips to his. Conchita was laughing here, now, with her eyes staring and her body still as that of a carved statue, a statue expressing some creature stunned by an incredible blow.

"Saranosa is full of dead," was the priest's first answer. Just then a figure leaped into view, staggering blindly along, the dust-stained and begrimed figure of a man who pressed to the breast of the priest. He was the priest's brother, and he was the priest's brother.

"You, Luis?" she cried hysterically. "Thank heaven you are safe. You are all that I have left, if I know that Carlos is dead."

He stared at her, breathing (Continued on Page 16)

For greatest economy, ask your grocer for the big household package.

FOR DIRTY DIRT

Dirty Garbage Pail

A DIRTY garbage pail is a breeding ground for germs. Keep yours safe and clean. Let the work choose the soap. For jobs like this use the soap that's famous for cleaning up dirty dirt. Use Gold Dust, that quick—safe—easy cleaner that cleans things clean and kills germs, too. Gold Dust is at your grocer's now in two convenient sizes. Get a box today!



FOR DIRTY DIRT

Pompeian Beauty CAPTURES Love...

The rose satin of Marianne's gown, caressing the curves of her slender body, seemed but a deeper tone of the same delicate color that flushed her lovely skin. All through the dance, her faint fragrance had drifted to him from the glittering shoulders, the upturned throat, the radiant, smooth cheek. "You're such a mystic person," Ted murmured, "you've captured the night for your eyes, the moon for your skin, and the hot sun for your lips!" And then... another Pompeian proposal.

It was the first time Marianne might have admitted it, but she would not have believed... this was her very first proposal! The exquisite, transparent skin was no gift of Nature. A pallid complexion, uneven as the texture of marble, was one's first—until she tried Pompeian. One smooth film of Pompeian Beauty Powder in Nature's own colors, the glow of opalescent charm; an elusive film of Pompeian Bloom (the Natural shade of this perfect rouge) had warmed her skin with the very flush of youth; the new indestructible lipstick of Pompeian had transformed the colorless lips to a bow of brilliant allure.

Marianne is no exception. Countless women are finding every day that an unattractive skin is not necessary. Pompeian cosmetics are not merely powders, rouges and lipstick—they are actual beautifiers. And there is no type which has been overlooked by Pompeian. For each skin there is a color scheme, scientifically worked out... tones which will create beauty as deftly as the artist with brush and palette.

Here is beauty in thrift! Just because Pompeian toiletries are the choice of so many millions of users, it is possible to produce these very finest of products at only a fraction of the usual cost of luxurious cosmetics. Go to your favorite store today and Pompeian toiletries for your individual coloring. At the very first trial, you will observe a new, glowing youthfulness in your skin. Charmingly packaged powder (in generous quantity) and a copy of book "You, Too, Can Be Beautiful!" include these samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

BEAUTY POWDER AND ROUGE

Secrets of London's Most Notorious

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter and Manager of Her Mother's Often-Raided Dance Resorts, Reveals Episodes Behind With Fashion



Ronald True, Who Murdered His Sweetheart; But Escaped the Hangman's Noose on the Plea of Insanity.



The Countess of Kinnoull.



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hatry With Friends on Board Their Yacht in the Cowes Regatta at the Height of His Financial Career Before the Collapse of His Fortunes Occurred.

He danced and that he struck me money, he a nation in so Always guest, he he "Good e seeing me. go with his A1? Thiml Now th acting as a nervous and Do you If not, I I met Tru connections and Belgra So he went social capa While t de of ci w

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kintlaun, Baroness Hay of Balhousie and Baroness Hay of Pedwardine.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

As I look back upon those of our guests who later shocked the world by the desperate deeds they must have been contemplating even while dancing on our floor and sipping our wines, I am convinced that there was one tell-tale sign in all of them. Without exception their eyes were queer. Beware of any man or woman but especially a man with peculiar eyes.

The eyes change too, when the brain behind them resolves upon desperate things. There is a look, which I have seen often enough so that I really ought to recognize it before the tragedy happens instead of afterward. It is the doomed look of a man who knows he is going to die by his own hand or another's and has resigned himself to his fate.

One of our prominent guests at the Little Club was Alfred Lowenstein, the Belgian millionaire, who so mysteriously fell from an aeroplane while crossing the English Channel. There was nothing remarkable about Lowenstein's eyes when I first met him. They were the eyes of a shrewd financier, able to reflect most any feeling he wished whether he really felt it or not to become like the rest of his face an expressionless mask. One evening he said to me:

"Miss Meyrick, if you want to make some money, buy Hydro-electric now, on a margin." I thanked him and thought the matter over. Like most people I get lots of tips and have discovered that tips are given out usually for the tipster's benefit. He wants people to buy a certain stock which will put it up and he will make some money. The trouble with tipsters and bond and stock salesmen is that they never have the courage to tell you when one of the things they got you into is beginning to go wrong. Even when you know something must be wrong from the way prices are dropping in the market and ask, they advise you to hold on and that everything will be all right. So, instead of taking a small loss as the insiders do, who usually lose it all,

So I usually ignore tips, but this was such a big man, the dominating figure of the moment, and I hadn't asked him. Surely he must be right. The next day I rang up a stockbroker friend and asked him to buy me 100 Hydro-electrics. Within about a month I stood to make \$1,500. But I waited rather long. For Lowenstein came into the Club one evening and came over to talk to me.

"Have you got those Hydro-electrics still, Miss Meyrick?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," I replied. "I've been holding on to them as they have risen. Thanks very much indeed for the tip."

"Ah, but I've another tip to give you now," he said very earnestly. "This tip is, sell them at once."

I did not ask his reasons. I sold next day. I think I might have sold even if he had not so advised because I did not like the look in his eyes. They had changed. He had the same old authoritative manner. His voice and step were firm and commanding but deep in his eyes I had seen it in eyes before and I have since.

Three days later Lowenstein disappeared from the plane and this with other stocks he had fostered crumbled away on the exchange. In time it was proved that his companies were in such bad shape that had he lived he might have shared the fate of Clarence Hatry and his associates or of Francis Lorange. There are those who still believe that Lowenstein's death was an accident. I knew better the moment I read of the tragedy. There was death in the eyes of the Belgian financier that last night at the club. He had already planned his end and having given me that tip without my asking, was kind enough to warn me to get out in time.

Clarence Hatry, by the way, was one of those persons who float in and out of London night life and seem to be rolling in wealth. Hatry was known as a "financier" maintained a handsome yacht, and nobody doubted that he had endless resources. But when his financial bubble burst it was found that he had swindled investors out of \$10,000,000 or more. Having arrived at the end of his string, he made no plea, pleaded guilty and will be lost from the gay world for fourteen years, in which he will be thinking things over in his prison cell.

Francis Lorange was another of the mushroom millionaires who suddenly appeared from nowhere with pockets full of money. This fraudulent financier formed the Bluebird Oil Companies of Great Britain and helped himself to some \$2,000,000 or more which belonged to the investors. Just before the collapse came he left the country, but was trapped in Paris, brought home, found guilty in the English courts—and Mr. Lorange will be missed from night club life for the next seven years while he sits behind the bars in his cell.

Before telling you about the most astonishing pair of dreadful eyes I ever saw, let me say that I am neither "psychic" nor queer in any other way, but I am naturally observant, a faculty that received intensive training in my duties as manager of many of our clubs. A good engineer can sleep peacefully through the infernal din of a ship's winches unloading cargo

but, at sea, if a single wrong note arises in the racket made by his engines, he is awake and out of bed in a moment. I, too, have become sensitive in perhaps not a very different way. The thing happened to me at the "Forty-three Club" in 1922.

I had been downstairs talking to one or two of my friends and I started to go up to the ground floor. As I placed my foot on the second or third step of the stairs leading upwards, I felt myself arrested. I cannot explain why, I cannot give any clearer reason than that merely I felt I had to turn around and survey the ballroom from my position on the staircase.

I looked across the floor. Then I had the sensation that the entire ballroom held nothing—nothing but a pair of eyes. Eyes that floated in space; eyes that compelled; eyes that loomed up as something not normal. They were, in that weird moment that came into an otherwise very materialistic life and atmosphere, something detached from the physical, from all the world and flesh and blood around them.

Those eyes belonged to a murderer who is now spending his life in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. They belonged to Ronald True, whose murder of a "cocotte," known as Olive Young, gave rise to one of the most debated and sensational murder trials ever known in Britain.

I do not want you to think for a moment that I, as a woman, was attracted by the eyes in the way that a sex-opposite may be attracted. It was only that they started out, in an extraordinary manner from the chalk-like face of the man who sat at a table on the other side of the ballroom, alone at that moment, but five minutes later joined by the woman whom he strangled with the cord of her own pajama an hour or two later, for the sake of a few jewels which he, in his desperate straits for money, could pawn.

True came to the Club first with a girl. I do not know who the girl was. He had been introduced by a man of good standing and so was a member and there was never any reason to single him out from any of the other people who came to the Club. He then came in regularly with different girls, most of them of polished manners and, I should say, of the better-paid actress type.

I first spoke to him when he was inclined



Mr. Francis Lorange, Fugitive English Financier, Who Was Trapped in Paris and Brought Back to London for Trial.



The Spectacular Multi-Millionaire Alfred Lowenstein Who Faced Financial Ruin and Stepped Out of His Private Aeroplane to Death and Forgetfulness in the North Sea.

to dispute a small item in a bill. I saw that he was arguing with the waiter and as I happened to be near I asked if there was any point I could settle.

"Well, yes, Miss Meyrick," he said, and I noticed that he had a very agreeable and well modulated voice. "I think I've been charged for chicken for two when I hadn't any myself."

I made inquiries and found that True had ordered chicken for two and it had been served. So although it was actually the head waiter's business, I went back and explained to him. He then admitted that he had forgotten.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I really thought I had said one. All right." He turned to the waiter, and I left them, as the matter of differences over bills had nothing to do with me.

The strange thing is, however, that looking back now I cannot say that the eyes of this man who was relieved while the very shadow of the gallows was looming above him impressed me at that moment. I wonder if they did really change and whether he did really go mad and whether his going mad was what changed his eyes into the stare that made me turn on the steps leading up from the ballroom. I wonder if his mind gave way at that very moment.

You may remember that Mr. Edward Shortt—who was the Home Secretary at the time—resigned later because of the outcry that arose through True being found "insane at the time of his trial" whereas Jacobs, the boy who murdered Lady White at the Portman Hotel, was hanged. There were allegations that because True was the illegitimate son of an Irish titled lady, his father being a distinguished military peer, wires were pulled in his favor, and cannot say anything about that one way or another because I write about what I know and not from hearsay.

When Ronald True came down with those good-looking girls, he did not spend a great deal.

Vigilant Club

of Mrs. Meyrick, led Supper and nd the Scenes the Rich and ionable Patrons

hardly at all because he walked with a limp
eddicaped him on the ballroom floor. But it
at whatever he lacked in dancing ability
eemed to make up in his conversation or fasci-
me way or another.
when he came in and signed the book for his
d a very smartly dressed woman at his side.
vening, Miss Meyrick," he would say to me on
Then in a jerky sort of way that did not at all
smooth voice, "How are we? Everyone going
we'll go downstairs. Eh?"
t I know that at that time Ronald True was
"spotter," it does not surprise me that he was
jumpy.

know what a "spotter" is?
et me explain. I only knew myself long after
True had the entrée—through his family
—to a great many of the big houses in Mayfair
via. He was invited to receptions and balls
there. But not to dance, nor yet in a really
city.

re reception or dance was in progress he
wandered round the house and took notes on a sheet
paper of the position of the rooms. If the cir-
cumstances were favorable—which meant if he
ere not interrupted by any servants or by the
family—he would survey which rooms
looked worth a burglar's attention.

Then with his plan of the premises
and the particulars jotted down, he would
go to one of the many public houses fre-
quented by crooks and for \$100 to \$250,
according to the possibilities of the place,
he would sell his information to some
burglar, who would later use it in order
to raid the place.

I may say, by the way, that this is the
first time that this sphere of Ronald
True's activities have ever been made
public. Now, here is a curious fact about
this man who committed one of the most
foul murders that London has ever seen.
He was dark, with a thin, pale face. They
say men usually seek their opposites in
coloring. True did not. Practically all
the women he brought down to the
"Forty-three Club"—and I never saw
him twice with the same woman—were
brunettes.

Then, on that morning of 1922, the
woman he brought in with him about 3
o'clock was dark, very dark. She was
good-looking in what you might call a
"vampish" sort of way, but it struck me
that she was not really very interested in
True. At that moment I have described
when those mad looking, piercing eyes
seemed to soar forth from the face that
contained them and grip me in some
agnetic fashion and hold him. But they
ent out of the Club together.

I do not know where they went afterwards.
do not think that True accompanied her to her
at in Battersea. But he went there later. And
hen he went, it was for one purpose. The
urpose was to steal the few articles of jewelry
is unfortunate demi-mondaine possessed so
at he might sell or pawn them.

There was a struggle. He started her. And
en this supposedly highborn illegitimate took
cord of Olive Young's pajama trousers and
ed it round her neck and strangled her. Why
a was not "hanged by the neck until he was
ead" is one of the mysteries of English legal
procedure. No man has ever more deserved
capital punishment than this low coward who is
ading a comfortable life at the taxpayers' ex-
ense, in Broadmoor Asylum, where he is
hathed even by his fellow inmates.

The most villainously seedy looking man who
er was allowed into any of our clubs turned out
be fabulously wealthy. One day a young man
with a weather-beaten face and dressed in tweeds
hat looked as if he had slept in them, came to
he door of the "Forty-three" and from beneath
his shapless slouch hat asked to get in. Now it
costs money to spend an evening in such a place.
he entrance fee alone ran from about \$2.50 to
ometimes \$5 and it cost plenty more when one
ut down stairs. It was no place for a man who
could not afford the best in clothes. So the
guardian at the door after listening to what he
ad to say, shook his head and replied:

"I am afraid you can't, sir, without an intro-
duction."
But the untidy youth asked him to summon
he or mother. The guardian turned around to
make a bluff at sending for us but as it hap-
pened to arrive there at the moment, he called
he and whispered laughing:

"There is a tramp out here says he is William
Leeds, the American millionaire and husband

of Princess Xenia of Greece. But I think he is
mistaken; more likely he is the Archbishop of
Canterbury."

I took a look and, sure enough, it was Mr.
Leeds. He explained that he had taken a notion
to come across the Atlantic on a cargo boat,
roughing it with the crew and that these were
the only clothes he had with him. Should I let
him down among those faultlessly garbed men
and women all in evening dress? I decided that
if he could stand it, the Club could.

Within a quarter of an hour, the guests in the
dance room had the not very usual sight of a
man dressed like a hobo sitting playing away
merrily on the kettledrums. Some of them
thought it was make-up and one woman came
over to me and asked me, "when is he going to
do his turn? Is he a juggler?"

"Yes," I told her. "He juggles with millions
of dollars."

I well remember the first day he visited us.
He came to the door with two other young men.
It so happened that there was a young officer
of the Guards standing near the office and he
did a thing that several of the young "lads about
town" used to take a delight in doing.

"Let me see these people in," he asked me,
and when Mr. Leeds and his friends came to the
office window, he said:

"One guinea apiece please." (Five dollars
or so).

"A guinea," said Mr. Leeds. "Now what's
that again?"

The guardsman told him and he paid, though
I may say it was above the usual visitor's fee.
The three signed in and went downstairs. One
thing that struck me about "William B." were
his shirt studs. They were enormous diamonds
of the first water. He was then about 21, for
it was just about a year after his marriage and
I remember him saying to me later in the even-
ing:

"Yes, Miss Meyrick, I've been married a year
and I'm as happy and as much in love as the
day we started."

We soon found that Mr. Leeds shared a de-
light in common with the Prince of Wales—play-
ing the kettledrums. He had not been long in
the club before he asked the leader of the band
if he might take the drumsticks and while his
friends danced, he was thoroughly happy sitting
rattling out on the drums. In the course of the
evening, he went to our secretary at a time when
mother and I were busy and he asked her to
cash him a check for \$50. She refused. "I'm
sorry," she said. "But I have orders not to cash
checks for people we don't know."

The young millionaire only smiled and
promptly rang up the Berkeley Hotel where he
was staying and asked them to give his secre-
tary \$50 dollars and send it up to him.

The meanest pair of eyes that ever shot their
poisonous glances around the "Forty-three Club"
were those of "Brilliant" Chang, the Chinese
head of London's drug ring, who was run to earth
after the death of the beautiful, blonde actress,
Freda Kempton. Of course, we did not know that
Chang was a criminal and when he appeared
at the door with Freda to vouch for him we
could not very well refuse this faultlessly dressed
and well-mannered oriental. There is no race
or color line drawn in England because the em-
pire contains princes and potentates of all colors
of the rainbow. Instinctively I disliked this little
man with his small glittering eyes and would like
to have kept him out, but to offend Freda would be
to offend many of our best customers, so in
they went.

We learned later that the reason for his visits
was that he had thoughts of buying the club,
putting someone in as nominal manager and pro-
prietor while he remained in the background us-
ing the place as a distributing headquarters for his
dozens and dozens of men and women who
peddled cocaine to persons in London's highest
circles.

Now I seem, perhaps, to have talked a very
great deal about eyes in discussing these crimi-
nals I have met. But really, quite apart from
the fact that people's eyes have always inter-
ested me more than any other of their features,
I must say truly that in the case of each of these

"As I placed my foot on the second or
third step of the stairs leading upwards, I
felt myself arrested. I cannot explain why. I
cannot give any clearer reason than that
merely I felt I had to turn around and survey the ballroom from my position on the staircase.
"I looked across the floor. Then I had the sensation that the entire ballroom held nothing
—nothing but a pair of eyes. Eyes that floated in space; eyes that compelled eyes that loomed
up as something not normal. They were, in that weird moment that came into an otherwise
very materialistic life and atmosphere, something detached from the physical, from all the
world and flesh and blood around them.
"Those eyes belonged to a murderer, Ronald True, who is now spending his life in Broad-
moor Criminal Lunatic Asylum."

murderers and other criminals the eyes have
been the arresting characteristic.

Chang's eyes were like a snake's. I could
quite easily imagine how those actresses and
young women with whom he became friendly
were like the birds that are fascinated by the
stare of the serpent. More than that. His eyes
seemed not only to hold Freda Kempton, with
whom he was dancing, they seemed to dart round
our ballroom and seek other victims.

Freda Kempton devoted herself entirely to
the Chinaman. There were other people there
whom she knew and who knew her but she paid
no attention to them. Yet I can tell you this,
which has never before been made public in con-
nection with her death, she did not hurt herself
to death accidentally. She committed suicide be-
cause of her unrequited love for a certain mar-
ried man, a man who was prominent in society
in London but who has now completely passed
out of West End circles.

Her death, coming a comparatively short
time after that of Billie Caverton—another beau-
tiful show girl—brought the cocaine traffic dan-
ger in London to a head, and the police dug so
completely into it that they established Brilliant
Chang as one of the main organizers and heads
of the distribution of "snow" in London. He had
an interest in several Chinese restaurants from
which he distributed the drug in private rooms.
I have said he was faultlessly dressed in eve-
ning clothes. Yes, but not quite. He wore too
much jewelry. He looked, to use a slang ex-
pression, "flashy." As Freda Kempton was a
young woman who had the attentions of well-
bred Englishmen in plenty, it struck me then that
there must be some special reason why she
should come to the "Forty-three" with this small
and mean looking little Chinaman.

Michael Corrigan, who has just been sent to
penal servitude for five years for swindling vari-
ous people, mainly women, over shares and in-
vestments, was a regular frequenter of the
Forty-three Club. My husband knew him origi-
nally as Cassidy. He went about the West End
as a man-about-town, posing as a very wealthy
American. He spoke like an American, too; not
only that he had a strong nasal accent—which
we in England immediately notice—but he used
what are called "snappy" phrases and always
wanted to give the impression that he was a Big
Business Man.

I will say this for Corrigan. There was
nothing small nor mean about him. He spent
lavishly at the Club, of course, but what Lord
Kinoull, my husband, told me, but I looked on
that as so many sprats to catch the mackerels.
When the police got on his track, quite a
long time ago now, one of the inspectors at Scot-
land Yard asked my husband if he would be
good enough to go along and have a look at a

number of photographs to see if he could identify
anyone in the collection. My husband had done
work in conjunction with the Criminal Investi-
gation Department during the General Strike in
1926, and he was, and is, very friendly with a
number of the heads of Scotland Yard.

When he saw the pictures, he immediately
picked out one and said: "That's Cassidy, who
calls himself Corrigan now."

Corrigan used to entertain our dancing part-
ners to champagne and he would spend \$50 or
\$75 on wine, merely because he liked to "hold
the floor" and tell them of his adventures in
Mexico when he was an army general there.

His specialty was fleeing women. He had
"kissed the Blarney Stone," if ever any man had,
and although he was by no means an attractive-
looking man, he had tremendous personality and
I must confess I was not at all surprised when I
heard what was the nature of his frauds.

One noticeable feature about this Irish-
American-Englishman was his soft, agreeable
voice. He dressed like a Colonial, by which I
mean that he rarely wore evening dress. He
was small in stature and it was not until one had
talked to him for a little while that the strength
of personality I have spoken of began to stand
out and stamp him as a man out of the ordinary.

He came to the Little Club with the Marquis
of Donegal, who now writes gossip paragraphs,
and later with Miss Harold, who appeared in
the case against Corrigan, for it was to her that
he became "engaged." Actually he was mar-
ried, and he alleged that he got her mother's
permission for Miss Harold to live with him
"until his divorce went through." Formerly he
had been "engaged" to a Miss Dunkley, and if
Corrigan were no Don Juan in appearance, he
certainly was in his ways with women.

My husband knew him first when he, Cor-
rigan, was about twenty-five. Throughout ten
years of acquaintance, Corrigan never changed
one iota in his appearance, and to the beautiful
women he always went about with, he always
posed as a man of 30, "no more."

No wife can be forced to testify against her
husband but Mrs. Patrick Mahon did better than
that—she played detective so well that she got
her husband, who was one of our customers at
the Broadway Club, hanged the other day. She
had read in the papers that a suitcase, containing
parts of a woman's body, had been checked by
somebody, presumably the murderer, at Char-
ing Cross railway station and remembered it one
night while she was "frisking" the pockets of
her sleeping hubby, and found the counterfoil
of a check for baggage left at that station. With
the aid of the authorities she deftly put clues
together until eventually her Patrick was con-
victed of the murder of Emily Kaye, the Blan-

Lava Love by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 13)

heavily, and then thrust her aside, aware of the priest's presence, aware, too, of Adora, at whom he blinked sulkily after lifting a start of surprise escape him.

"Carlos—dead?" he muttered, looking from his sister to the priest and back again.

Conchita gestured frantically. "No Father Ignatius says."

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"That may just as well happen to us here," said Adora in a calm way which made the priest study her admiringly, and she turned to him. "Whatever the others do, father, I will come with you. There must be some work to be done here, and I feel that I ought not to be here, doing nothing, when Carlos gave his life for others."

Since Adora took up this firm attitude, Conchita was obliged to agree. In any case, Luis—conscious that this English girl was showing a far finer spirit than he himself had so far displayed—was now mostly concerned in keeping Adora close to him. The journey back to Saranah began without further argument. It was fortunately not disturbed by any further earth-tremors, but even the column of flame above Pallarosa had suddenly dwindled in size and force by the time Saranah's outskirts were reached.

That night, indeed, the mountain seemed to have decided that her awakening had done sufficient damage or the size of the gods within her was weary of destruction. The wrath of her was spent in a while, and the city was without further trouble other than occasional rumblings. But Saranah's outskirts were full of trouble and to the lessening of this Adora gave herself freely.

The whole night through she accompanied Father Ignatius on his errand of mercy, and Conchita remained at the priest's simple and plainly furnished quarters, the only one of the church. Conchita, self-centered and moody, was far too concerned with the loss of Carlos and its effect on her brother and herself to think of other people. She could not understand why Luis left her and the safety of the priest's house to accompany Adora.

And when, the next morning, Luis came back to throw himself down to rest, worn out with his exertions, Conchita unbosomed her mind in a petulant, impatient way.

"If you trouble to wear yourself out like this, caro mio," she urged, "Surely, the proper thing for us to do is to after our own interests. If Carlos is indeed dead—"

"On that point, dear sister, you need have no doubt," Luis shrugged sleepily. "I have had it from those who saw Carlos enter the building just before the crash here, and it fell in on him so that he was seen no more. So now all our hopes from him are dashed to the ground."

"Do not remind me to it too much, Luis," Conchita waived. "And since that is so, why should we stay on here in this ruined place? Cannot we get back to the mainland and our home?"

"In a day or so perhaps," Luis answered. "Certainly there will be vessels arriving shortly. The news of the catastrophe has been widespread, and I am sure that we will be able to get away. But we must have patience, Conchita. Besides, there is Adora, without whom we cannot go."

"We do not want her with us! I hate her!" Conchita raged spitefully. "If it had not been for her, Carlos and I might have been married by now, and his fortune would not have been lost to us. I should have been the rich Señora de Velasquez today, and we should have gone from here to enjoy his estates in Spain. As for that Adora—"

"Do not be so mad about her!" snapped Luis angrily. "I shall marry her, you may make up your mind on that. And now—let me sleep. I am weary to death."

With that Conchita had to be content, as she had to be with the slow passing of the next few days. There were at least undisturbed by the now quiet Pallarosa, from the crater of which only a very occasional flicker showed itself, and otherwise a thin streak of smoke rose skyward. The harbor was alive with shipping come from all directions, and the stricken town had received much needed supplies, easing the situation greatly.

In these days, at the improvised hospital in the church, Adora slaved ceaselessly to bring comfort to the injured. Day and night, scarcely sleeping, she was on duty to the admiration of the doctors and the patients themselves.

The last blessed, the beautiful ingenuities, who came to Luis like an angel of mercy, never thinking of herself, always soothing their pains and bringing them the gentle breath of patient hope.

"Carlos would have had me do it!" she said more than once to Father Ignatius when he remonstrated with her and urged her to rest herself.

Indeed, she was afraid to rest, lest she should lose the sight of the blank future without Carlos, the dark days ahead.

And yet she had to remember that scene she had witnessed between Carlos and Conchita, their passionate embrace, their kisses, their emotional talk. Carlos had gone down into Saranah, Adora told herself many times, with Conchita in his mind, meaning to come back to her. Adora, in her agony of soul, tried always to realize this and so to lessen the blow.

But there remained her love for him, a fragrant and unfilled memory which never could be effaced. And so, despite the

pleadings of Luis that she should listen to him and become his wife, her love for Carlos made such a thing impossible for her. Luis in those days was repentant over the past. He felt that it influenced her against him and he urged her to forget it.

"Indeed, I have forgotten it, Luis," she assured him one night as she sat restfully in the pale moonlight which shined through the ruins of the church. "I was in the garden of the priest's house. Father Ignatius was not with them, as usually he was. But he had a habit of mysteriously disappearing and appearing. At this moment, seeing the ardent in the sea of Luis, Adora wished he had been present."

"As I told Conchita long ago," she pursued, "I do not bear the slightest ill-will toward you or her what you did. If I ever did it surely killed, by what happened since."

Her gaze indicated the ruins of the church and the black mass of Pallarosa, brooding sullenly behind.

"Wave all been in terrible danger," she said. "We are more fortunate than some, I suppose, being alive. Although to now life holds no real happiness."

"Because of Carlos?" growled Lapsanostically.

"I shall always love him, Luis, as though he may be dead."

"Not if you will let me help to forget him!" insisted Luis sullenly. "And—what else can you do, querida mia? Where all you go from here—and to whom? You have no one, no home."

"I have my own country—my own people."

"I offer you marriage, a home, and the happiness I can give you, if you adore me."

"No, Luis. It is quite impossible. I thank you very much, but I must go my own way."

"How? You have no money?"

"Father Ignatius was telling me that the British warships—have seen wireless as likely to arrive tomorrow. I shall have no difficulty in getting back to England."

Luis said nothing for the moment.

(Continued on Page 26)

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141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class . . . \$200
For the next picture in each class . . . 250
For the next picture in each class . . . 100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class . . . 25
For each of next 10 pictures in each class . . . 10

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

553 state prizes totaling \$8,670 are already being distributed for child pictures made and entered in May and June, 1931. Other prizes for child pictures (see Class A) made in May, June, July and August will be given at the end of the general contest which closes August 31.

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters International Competition to be judged for international awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND AWARD

\$10,000 and a Silver Trophy

INTERNATIONAL CLASS AWARDS

For the best picture in each of the six classes, a Gold Medal and \$1,000 in cash.

Total U. S. Prize Money . . . \$15,000
International Awards . . . \$10,000
Prize Money for rest of world . . . \$5,000

Total to be won . . . \$30,000

NOTE: that one picture may win a \$100 class prize, the \$2,500 Grand Prize for U. S. A., a \$1,000 International Class Award and the \$10,000 International Grand Award . . . a total of \$12,500 for a single snapshot.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to win world renown . . . medals . . . a valuable silver trophy and a \$10,000 International Grand Award—all with a simple snapshot of the kind you make!

Kodak is offering \$100,000 in an international competition . . . \$25,000 in 1,000 prizes for the United States alone . . . for interesting snapshots.

Only amateurs may compete. No special skill is needed . . . professionals are barred. Picture interest is what counts. Owners of Brownies, Hawk-Eyes and the simplest Kodaks have the same chance as users of expensive cameras.

And look at these prizes! A United States Grand Prize of \$2,500 and a medal! 141 prizes in each of six classes that cover every conceivable picture subject.

And the first-prize winner in each class will automatically enter the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where \$16,000 more will be awarded!

Famous People as Judges, Patrons

Photography is the universal language that brings nations, peoples, closer together and makes for international goodwill.



Rear Admiral
Richard E. Byrd,
Chairman of Judges



Rudolf Bickelmeier,
famous photographer
Judge



Mary Roberts Rinehart,
foremost authoress
Judge



Kenneth Wilson Williams,
editor of "Kodakery"
Judge



Howard Chandler Christy,
celebrated artist
Judge

In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

European princes, oriental rulers . . . presidents and premiers, makers of history

. . . leading figures in society, science and the arts . . . such celebrities are sponsoring this important event.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges whose portraits appear on this page.

See your Kodak dealer today about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots. Clip the entry blank below. Enter to win!

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.

\$25,000 in Cash Prizes for U.S.A. alone . .

Read these simple rules:

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any individual or family of individuals, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial printing or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Close see No. 14.)
3. An entrant may submit as many pictures as he desires and as many different subjects as he wishes, provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are marked under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)
4. Any Kodak Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera, and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used. Pictures may be developed in any way. Pictures may be medium roll film cut film or film pack negatives. Pictures made on plate negatives are not eligible.
5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. The picture to be measured must be 10 inches long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negative only. No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed. Do not write even your name on either front or back of your picture.
6. Enclose an entry blank with each set of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 1. Enclose the entry blank on this card, fill in name from directory, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.
7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives with entries, but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.
8. All pictures will be judged solely on artistic appeal—the interest they arouse. Photographic experience or technical skill will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.
9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.
10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, become the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.
11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.
12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.
13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.
14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners and child pictures entered in July and August are eligible for prize in Class A, Child Pictures.

The following additional conditions apply to the prize for the best child picture made in both states during May and June, 1931:

1. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.

2. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

3. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

4. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners and child pictures entered in July and August are eligible for prize in Class A, Child Pictures.



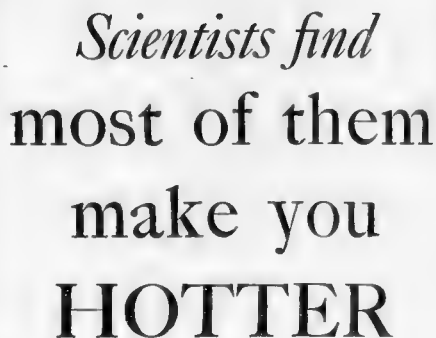
For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail this blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

Name	Office
Street Address	
Yard and State	
Mail of Camera	
Mail of Film	
Mail of Paper	

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers

[illegible]

There's ONE drink which is definitely cooling...
iced tea. Scientific tests prove, *actually reduces body temperature*, and leaves you cooler for hours after.

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Fear Of Fear By Florence Arson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 18)

spirit moves him.) "I thought you'd let the Deans take her south." "I did, but they got back to-

night and there's somebody on board I want to see." Before I could ask any more questions the car had roared like

way down a side street to the channel; a launch was waiting, and five minutes later we climbed the ship's ladder and were on deck. The Deans were on shore, the Kipper took us. As we passed down the companionway I saw a little girl on Jimmy's face, and was not unprepared for the sight of North Fulton and a tall, good-looking young chap whom I recognized at once as Dick Stoddard. The two were already shaking Jimmy's hand and North was looking up at him gratefully.

"You're a genius, Jimmy," North declared. "I thought you'd lost a soul finding out."

"Thought he would," said Jimmy. "The Deans are a smart pair, and the wireless I sent 'em was a work of art, if I do say so."

Stoddard was speaking for the first time. His fair, wavy hair was rumpled and his eyes snapped with excitement. There was a frank boyishness about him that made him strangely likable.

"It wasn't a patch on the message you sent me," he declared. "And it didn't come a minute too soon! I got out of the hotel just one jump ahead of the police."

I suppose Jimmy meant disapproval in my face for grinning. "After, here, it shocked," he said. "He doesn't approve of anything, least of all my detective. If he'd lived in the days of Torquemada he'd have handed his own grandmother over to the Inquisition if he thought it was required by law."

Jimmy always manages to make me look like a fussy maiden aunt, but I felt bound to protest. "I must say I don't think Mr. Stoddard has helped his case by disappearing in this fashion. You, yourself, heard the police cite it as an evidence of guilt."

Norah gave a little cry, but Jimmy's hand on her shoulder let that up at you. In their present state of mind, they were not to be deterred by anything if only in hopes of making it stick. As it happens, I have a particular reason for wanting to see Stoddard before the minutes of the law begin third and fourth degrees him."

"You don't mean he's going to be harassed?" Norah cried almost. "I don't believe so, but they're sure to want to talk with him. He'd better go to Captain Hemming of his own accord. I have the Chief's word that he won't bring any charges until they find conclusive evidence."

"Which this won't," said Stoddard promptly. "Of course not," Norah seconded. "I've ordered the steward to get a hot bath for him. He'll be in the room in ten minutes. The one who heard you quarrel. Tell us exactly what happened when you talked with Grant."

"The information he gave us tallied perfectly with Norah's that it is not necessary to set it all down. He had been attending a meeting of the astrologers in Pasadena for three or four days, but on returning to his hotel Monday afternoon he found a letter in his mail from Harlan Grant. He knew, of course, that Norah had been consulting the fellow from time to time, and had regarded it as something of a joke, but the letter was so full of veiled insinuations that he was brought up short."

"You saved the letter?" Jimmy asked, quickly.

"Yes, it's in my suitcase. It won't tell you much. He merely hinted that he knew a lot of things about Norah's past life which were . . . well, disconcerting. He paused and then gave a quick little smile at the girl. "We've just had a heart-to-heart talk, which also," told me the whole thing. It's absurd, of course, that the fellow should think it would make any difference to me."

"Of course," Jimmy agreed. "What did you do after receiving the letter?"

"I tried, first, to get Norah on long distance, but she was out on location with her company, shooting some scene, and nobody knew what time she'd be back. When I couldn't make connections, I decided the thing to do was to pile into an airplane and fly north. That would give me time to see this Grant fellow and find out what he was up to. I had for a talk I had to give at the conference next day. So I chartered a plane and landed up here around nine P. M."

"Why'd you tell the aviator to keep quiet?"

"Because I didn't want the reporters on my tail. Norah and I were determined not to have a lot of silly chatter about our getting married, but we got lost out of our party necklace in our family, the one that's supposed to be given to every Stoddard, and I've got just enough fool sense to want her to have it. I hauled the thing out of the safety deposit last week to have it refurbished, and some eleven hours from one of the papers got wind of it. I wasn't in any state of mind Monday night to give out sentimental interviews, so I told the reporter to keep his mouth shut."

And took a room at the St. Francis. Jimmy supplemented. "Yes, and after I'd washed up I tried to get to bed. She was still out and her maid didn't have any idea when she'd be back. If I knew when she'd be back, I'd have barged right there, but when I phoned her house, they told me she was having a shower and wouldn't be free until around eleven. So I had a bit of supper, and landed at my place about eleven-fifteen."

"Did you see anyone?"

"Only a spooky sort of Hindu who let me in."

"And Jimmy quickly. "Anyone else?"

"Nobody. Hold on, I did pass a woman on the stairs, a gray-haired flibbertigibbet sort of person who'd apparently been at the scene."

"Probably the nut Corriean spoke of," Jimmy observed. "The one who heard you quarrel. Tell us exactly what happened when you talked with Grant."

"I'm afraid nothing happened. I'd gone up there intending to punch the fellow in the jaw, but he was all right. The sort you could handle that way. I blustered a minute, then he said, 'You blackmail and he let me get it all out of my system,' Stoddard said. 'That could be your case, invited me to sit down and talk it over. He protested that he wasn't black-mailing. Just trying to help out. Some information about Norah's past had been brought to his attention in a strange way. Said it sometimes happens that crooks who don't know his character and took him for the usual type of medium, brought him extraneous bits of information about celebrities and offered to sell them to him. Usually he threw them out, but he happened to be fond of Norah, in a nice fatherly way, and the stuff that had been brought to him was so raw that he felt something ought to be done about it. The fellow who had it in his hands would be just as likely to try to sell it elsewhere. As Norah's natural protector, he was appealing to me.'"

"That's clever," said Jimmy. "Wasn't it beautiful? Especially when you consider that the stuff was all in the room at that very moment."

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw it," Norah broke in. "He showed it to me when I was up there earlier in the evening."

"H'm," Jimmy was thoughtful. "How did the interview end?"

"Perfectly amicably. I explained I had to be in Pasadena in the morning and couldn't stop to dicker with his blackmailing friend. He promised to see the fellow and keep him quiet until I got back. In the meantime, he was to keep any word of this from getting to Norah. Naturally, I didn't want her worried."

"And all the time he was using the same stuff to try and make me marry him?" Norah exclaimed.

"Playing both ends to the middle," Jimmy mused. "He counted on your not saying anything to Stoddard, and his keeping his mouth shut with you. He shook his head admiringly. "I'm sorry I didn't know that chap. He must have been a corker!"

"In a way," Stoddard agreed. "Don't know when I've met any-

one half so brilliant. After I'd blown up and cooled off, we really got quite friendly. He followed showed a remarkable grasp of astronomical details. . . . I don't understand. My particular line is light, you know, and Grant seemed to have made a special study of what he called 'vibronics' both in relation to light and to sound. He'd worked out a fantastic theory about personality, or, I suppose you'd call it the soul."

"Can you tell me what it was?"

"I'm afraid I can't give it to you as clearly or concisely as he stated it, but in a general way it is composed of a body which is merely a chemical combination, easily reducible to recognizable elements. But inside of this tangible structure is something not so easily explained. It is this ego, this entity, which we want of something better, call it the soul. Grant contended that this soul was nothing but a vibration, set up by some power which has never been clearly defined. It has been recognized by every one of men under various names: God, Allah, Jehovah. He believed that this vibration, once set in motion, continues at its own particular velocity, and that velocity is what constitutes personality."

"You said that two people vibrated at the same rate, I suppose?" Jimmy observed. "I've heard a similar theory."

"Yes, it's not new. But Grant had added a few facts. He told me he'd been experimenting for years on some method of catching and analyzing vibrations, and transforming them into recognizable form. Just as sound and light have been transformed into the radio and motion picture."

"How did all this strike you?"

Jimmy interrupted. "Like a lot of patter, or do you think he really meant it?"

Stoddard looked puzzled. "Hanged if I know. The fellow certainly was glib, but I couldn't help feeling he more or less deceived the stuff. I could tell you about it if a funny change hadn't come over him."

Jimmy glanced at me and I saw he was excited. "What sort of a change?"

"It's hard to describe. He'd been very keen while we were talking, but suddenly he got absent-minded. He wasn't perfectly himself. He wasn't thinking about what he was saying. . . . and I saw he was excited. 'What sort of a change?'"

"Rather clung to me; seemed to dread being left alone, but I told him the plane was waiting and I had to go."

"Was anything more said about Norah?"

"Not a thing. He seemed to have forgotten her entirely. But just as I got to the door he said a funny thing. I'd stopped long enough to tell him I was interested in his theories about the after life, and that I had some ideas of my own. From a scientific angle, of course. We'd discussed it when I came back. He looked at me quickly and said, 'Yes, yes. That's what I want. . . . a scientific explanation. There must be one, you know.'"

"Is that all he said?"

"Yes; all except 'good-night.' 'You're sure he didn't say anything about the fear of fear?'"

"The fear of fear? No. Why should he?"

"No reason," Jimmy disposed of the subject and moved for a moment, then, "Did you meet anyone on your way out?"

"No one. Grant was going to take me to the door but I told him I could find my way. The fellow looked so exhausted I didn't like taking him down all those flights."

"Would it have been possible for there to have been another person in the house without your knowing?"

"Why, yes, I should think so. There are three or four rooms on the second floor and some of the doors were closed. Almost anyone might have been hidden about the place. But they couldn't have got at Grant. At least, not unless he'd wanted them to. I left the room he closed the door and I distinctly heard him say the word."

"H'm," Jimmy was thoughtful. "That would argue that the murderer was someone Grant knew."

(Continued on Page 22)

"She doesn't even know that dingy skins are OUT!"

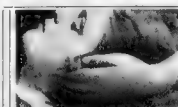


Too bad—but all the lily-skinned beauties will talk, if you persist in going around with tanned or wind-battered and dingy complexion in this year of grace and fragile femininity.

Don't worry—you can transform your almost overnight, with the softest, mildest, gentlest of bleaches—the new Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. It's utterly harmless—has the same ingredients they use in baby's mild and soothing cream. But it is uncompromisingly firm in its banishment of tan and dinginess, freckles and blotches, blackheads and other blemishes.

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today. Use it tonight—ten nights. Your skin will grow fair and white and lovely—smooth and soft and invigorated. Ask for Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any toiletry counter—\$1 the jar.

THE NEW Golden Peacock Bleach Creme



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There are women whose "beauty minds" are lopsided: They give first care to their faces, but shamefully neglect their hair! Are you guilty? Are gray hairs stealing your good looks? NOTOX is your savior, if you have gray hair, which is discolored hair. As undetectably as Nature colors your hair, so does NOTOX, by a decidedly new and strictly scientific method. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye, as do all old-fashioned "clear white restorers," NOTOX gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the hair shaft. Your hair remains as fine, lustrous and supple as ever, so natural in appearance that washing, waving, sunning, or even swimming does not affect it in the slightest. Rests or substitutes—a like product does not exist. Buy for home use at smart shops everywhere.

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CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG—who recently made her initial talking picture, *Kept Husbands*, for Radio Pictures, after an absence from the screen of many years. Who would dream, looking at this recent picture, that she is 38!

"I am 38!" says CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Famous screen favorite says no woman need look her age

"I REALLY am 38 years old," says Clara Kimball Young, "and I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count."

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty above all. They know that a skin smoothly soft is always appealing."

"Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin in wonderful condition, and now that I have returned to the screen, I depend on this nice soap to keep my skin youthfully fresh."

In Hollywood 9 out of 10 stars, like this charming favorite, use this fragrant white soap regularly! Surely your skin should have this gentle care!

Lux Toilet Soap—not Permanently Destroys Ugly Hair



GIANT TUBE ONLY 50¢

ZIP The only Epilator available for permanently destroying hair, by removing the cause. So simple. So quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair about the skin. . . . no prickly stubble later on. . . . no dark shadow under the skin. That is why so many screen stars and Beauty Specialists recommend ZIP for face, arms, legs and underarms.

Pleasant, soaps, fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package (formerly \$5.00) it costs only \$1.00!

Madame Berthe, N. Y. Specialist has discovered a new, safe cream depilatory which immediately and completely removes every trace of hair. Just spread it on and rise off. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant, smooth cream, safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious, in a giant tube, twice the size of hair-remover. It is the modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, without irritation, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

DEPILATORY CREAM (PERFUMED)

WHAT IS THIS "IT"?

FIGS HAVE IT!



TOMATOES HAVE IT!



HEINZ RICE FLAKES HAVE IT TOO

...and they're the only Rice Flakes that insist on Heinz!

There's an important "it" waiting for you in these delicious, crunchy, golden-brown flakes... *the same mildly laxative effect you get in certain fruits and vegetables!*

This healthful quality is sometimes spoken of as a "corrective vegetable effect." Nature gives this quality to some fruits and vegetables so that they'll help keep people healthy. Tomatoes have it. Figs have it. And Heinz are the *only* rice flakes that have it! That's why we say—insist on Heinz.

These delicious flakes will help you keep it. They'll help your whole family. So eat 12 Rice Flakes regularly—and let the children have plenty for lunch or supper, as well as for breakfast. They'll love the crunchy little flakes! And so will you. For

Heinz Rice Flakes are every bit as appetizing and temptingly good as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties." See for yourself!...

Send for two generous trial packages—enough for six servings—FREE!

We want you to try Heinz Rice Flakes—at our expense. Just fill out and mail the coupon, and we'll send you *two trial packages—containing six generous servings—free!* Try a bowlful of the golden-brown flakes. See how crisp and light they stay, when you pour on the milk or cream. See how good they taste—right down to the last one in the bowl! And see how Heinz Rice Flakes help you, when you eat them regularly, every day!

Nature gave us the idea for Heinz Rice Flakes

Nature has the idea that foods should be not only good to look at and good to eat—but useful, too. It's a mighty wise idea, and we borrowed it for Heinz Rice Flakes.

These delicious flakes not only furnish all the energy and body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose*—one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective correctives known to man.

H. J. Heinz Company spent eight years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to Heinz Rice Flakes. During those eight years, and since then, careful tests have been made. These

tests prove conclusively that Heinz Rice Flakes have the same natural, corrective quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more.



FREE!

TWO TRIAL PACKAGES OF HEINZ RICE FLAKES

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. AW7-12, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six servings—free of charge.
(This offer is good only in the United States.)

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H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES

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Hepatic

a users' point of view. In fact, the best medical opinion here and abroad highly commends them to those who are reducing.

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water tasks, because it softens the skin, preserves the hat - few dishwashings with Lux is ever so much whiter and the easiest, the most inexpensive in the world!

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Dependable balms like Ss Hepatica are an almost indispensable aid in the reducing diet. Unlike many laxatives, they never have the tendency to make their users stout. In fact, the best medical opinion here and abroad highly commends them to those who are reducing.

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Lava Love by Inez Castello



Through a Little Square Cell, Lamp-Light Filtered, and Towards This Conchita Directed Her Brother.

(Continued from Page 16)

ment. He had no intention of losing Adora so easily. He hated this Father Ignatius with his masklike face and his shrewd eyes, his mysterious ways and his way of saying disconcerting things. No doubt the priest imagined he was going to help Adora back to England. Luis, however, thought differently, although he did not disclose the fact to her. There was a boat come into harbor that day—the vessel by which Luis had earlier intended to abduct Adora and take her to the mainland, only the earthquake and eruption had intervened.

Because of the test and a tidal wave the vessel had hurriedly made for the open sea, and now was come back again with its captain, who was known to Luis and would do anything for money. Luis had that afternoon been talking with that captain about Adora. If only Luis could once get her on board that vessel and out to sea—he would break her stubborn refusal of him, her foolish loyalty to the dead Carlos.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Desperation.

AND, meantime, argument with her was useless, as Luis satisfied himself with gloating over the loveliness he was determined very shortly to possess. The experiences of

the last weeks had enhanced rather than ravaged that loveliness, golden and white and tantalizingly sweet. The face had a madonnalike serenity, where once it was petulant and a little selfish in expression. The sea-blue eyes gazed musingly into the distance, dreaming dreams. They were dreams in which Luis meant inexorably to thrust himself and his desires.

The parted red lips, delicately curved, impassioned him, and it was all he could do to refrain from forcing his kisses upon them. But he did not wish to frighten Adora too soon. There would be time enough to possess her at his ease once he had her aboard that boat. So, for the moment, he pretended that he accepted his dismissal at her little hands, bending over them and kissing them with a fabled reverence before leaving her to go down into the town and settle definite plans with the captain.

Adora, left alone with no suspicion of his intentions, felt sorry for him. It seemed to her that she was ill-fated in love, a creature endowed with loveliness which made her a source of harm to men, while she herself was never destined to possess the only man she could ever love. Her future was blank indeed. Nor was her desire to go to England as sincere as she had pretended. Despite its orthodoxy, which no longer frightened her, Adora wished only to remain on this island where love had come to her.

Yet she could not see how this

was to be done, penniless and alone as she was. Nor could she any longer accept the hospitality of Father Ignatius, himself a poor man. It did seem to her that the only sensible course was to accept the offer of Luis. It seemed an honorable offer—that of marriage. And Luis was young, good-looking enough to please any girl. Yet Adora could not bear the very thought of marriage with him. It filled her with repugnance.

So she slept that night, dreaming of the dead Carlos, and wakened afeared to the problem of her future, heart-broken but trying to be brave. And when she looked out to sea, there was the gray shape of the British warship, the arrival of which had been foreboded by the old priest. She was just coming into port, with the familiar white ensign at her stern, seeming to tell Adora that here was her destiny, the call from home.

She said as much to Father Ignatius, lean and solemn in his robes, when he came into the garden from the church where he had been celebrating mass. He regarded her seriously for a moment, a queer expression in his eyes, and then looked out to sea.

"They will surely take me on board, or arrange a passage for me on some other haul," she said. "When I am down in the town to-day I am sure to meet one of the British officers."

"Will you not leave that to me, my daughter?" asked the priest, laying a hand on her arm. "The warship will no doubt lie off here for some days yet, and there is no immediate hurry."

"The sooner I have left Saragosa, the better," sighed Adora. "It is—to me—a place of sad memories. With Carlos dead, I cannot bear it any longer."

"You loved Carlos very deeply, my daughter?" murmured the priest without looking at her.

"Better than life itself," said Adora.

"Yet—time heals all such wounds. You will cease to remember him so deeply. Another man may take his place."

"Never, father. Never. If that were so, I might easily be married to Luis, who loves me. But—I have refused him. I belong still to Carlos. I shall belong to him only all my life."

"Ah."

The priest turned, it seemed because someone had called him, one of the doctors from the improvised hospital, with whom he went away deep in talk, leaving Adora to her thoughts and, presently, to the company of Luis. The latter had perfected his plans with the sea-captain, and in pursuance of these he visited at once to discuss with Adora the arrival of the British warship.

"If you are so determined to go home to your own country, I believe of women! Luis laughed tragically, "your chance lies out there in that gray shape. The ship is here to take any British national who are in distress, or those of other European nations who want to leave. It is merely a matter of engaging boatmen to take you out to her. Will you allow me to do that last act of courtesy for you, even though it breaks my heart?"

"Father Ignatius offered to see one of the British naval officers for me, Luis," Adora answered, unaware that her suggestion was not at all in accord with the plans of Luis, who did not wish for any interference on the priest's part.

"There is no necessity to trouble that dear old man," said

Luis. "He has already too much to do with his own work. You have only to come down with me to the harbor later on today and we will be rowed out to the vessel."

"Then hadn't you better let Father Ignatius know we are doing that?" Adora said, and Luis agreed with her, or at least appeared to do so, saying:

"By all means, dear miss. I will go and find him now to tell him we need not trouble. And then I will go down to the port and arrange what time we can secure a boat."

He turned and moved away in the direction the priest had taken with the doctor—that of the church. Actually Luis had no intention of saying anything to the priest. He was for making his way past the church down into the town to confer with his friend the time and last details of his arrangements. But, outside of the church, he was stopped by his sister, whose pretty face

carried an expression of startled anxiety.

"Luis..." she laid a hand on his arm. "I want you. I have made a discovery—"

"And so have I, sweet sister," laughed Luis. "I have discovered that things are going to be easy about Adora. She is falling right into my trap. And when dusk has fallen tonight she will step into a boat to be rowed out to that British man-of-war, whereas really she will be taken—"

"And not a minute too soon, Luis..." Conchita tugged at his arm. "Come with me, brother. We have been deceived. I will show you that which will surprise you."

Conchita led Luis hurriedly into the empty church, and passed with him through it to the semicircular space behind the altar. There, passing down some stone steps into a passage in what

(Continued on Page 27)

Way to Whiten Skin 3 to 5 Shades Overnight

New Way Found to Remove Flaws

Here's the new scientific way to remove freckles, blackheads, ugly weather stains and tell-tale wrinkles. And to make the skin smooth and white—three to five shades whiter overnight. It is the safest and surest way known to have a beautiful pink and white skin and to keep it that way indefinitely.

Just get three cures of Orchard White from any drugstore and follow the easy directions. Pat a little into the skin at bedtime and by morning you can see a big improvement. Ugly flaws disappear. The skin gets whiter and soon it is satiny smooth, youthfully fresh and beautiful. What's more, it

stays that way. For in Orchard White there's a remarkable ingredient not found in any other preparations. It preserves the beauty of the skin and protects it from the ravages of the wind, rain, sun and dirt. If you really want a smooth, soft, beautiful pink and white skin—try this successful way. You'll be happy that you did.



Consider your Adam's Apple!!* Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD"

Eve started it and the daughters of Eve inherited it. Eve gave Adam the apple, and it seems that Adam must have passed it on. For every man and every woman has an Adam's Apple. Put your finger on your Adam's Apple—that is your larynx, your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. Consider your Adam's Apple—when you do so, you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Reach for a LUCKY instead. Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette which brings you the added benefit of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process, which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays. It is this exclusive process, that expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellow—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. network.

Clothing From Peanuts

SOME few years ago the world was amused to be told of a newly invented process for making textiles out of wood fibre—soft, plant materials that would be fashioned into dress goods and worn like woolens, cotton or silk. Somehow or other, the use of wood fibre did not gain much headway in the clothing industry, and the manufacturers of the product turned it to other and more profitable uses. The fibre now finds a

place in decorations for shop windows, studios, stores, and even theatres, and has become a valuable asset to theatrical scene makers. In certain European centers it is used still for raiment, however.

Perhaps the idea of converting wood into fibrous materials for weaving is responsible for the entirely new and interesting method of making clothing out of peanuts. It should not be at all surprising that within a few

years women of America will be wearing sports ensembles, ordinary street attire, and perhaps evening gowns, made from the lowly little peanut, which serves humanity so well as a food and in many forms.

Recent experiments by the Department of Agriculture have proved that peanut hulls can be made to yield an excellent quality of cellulose suitable for conversion into high-grade artificial silk.

To meet the demands of candy-makers in this country, their refuse output of hulls, usually stacked in the near neighborhood of the plants, make prodigious accumulations, amounting in the aggregate to something like seven thousand tons per annum. The hulls have a value of about \$2 a ton for fuel. Otherwise, they are so much waste material, no uses having heretofore been found for them.

Attempts have been made to utilize them in the making of fibre concrete and tiles, but the Bureau of Standards reports that they do not serve such purposes satisfactorily. As "roughage" in cattle feed they are all but worthless.

The chemists of the Department of Agriculture, however, have found in the peanut hulls a cheap source of so-called cellulose, available not only for the manufacture of artificial silks, but for many other purposes.

Bunions Go Like Magic Mail Coupon Now—Prove It

NEVER in history has the amazing action of Peddyne Solvent been so perfectly marvelous and truly a boon to those whose bunions cause them such an ugly budge to the shoes. It stops the burning pain of the most sensitive bunions almost instantly and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growths like magic. So rapid is the reduction of Peddyne Solvent that thousands report they now wear dress shoes with ease and comfort. You, too, can prove it, by actual use, at my risk—Mail the Coupon below.

TRY IT ON YOUR BUNION

Send me the coupon for a trial bottle and prove the quick, rare, amazing results.

KAY LABORATORIES
100 N. Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois
I want to try Peddyne Solvent.
There is no question. This is not an order. My address is—
Name, _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Double Page)

chester typist. Mrs. Mahon was not a customer of ours.

When Mahon came to the Broadway Club he seemed an ordinary, well-to-do, middle-class business man. He had deep, quiet set eyes and a rather curious mouth which altered greatly according to his mood.

"Good evening, good evening," he would say on coming into the club with a breezy air and rubbing his hands together when he seemed to be in funds or when one of his numerous intrigues was going well. On another occasion he would go through without a word and sit down with his mouth drooping in a thin line instead of being turned up at the corners and showing his very sensual under lip.

Mahon, I could see, loved the life of Don Juan. Clandestine affairs were the breath of life to him and yet, as was pointed out at the time of his trial, he could not bear the idea of breaking away definitely from his wife and his home life. He seemed to realize he had a very substantial life partner. She, in fact, got him the job he had when the murder was committed, and I think that Mahon felt that his home was his sheet anchor. When he came to the Broadway Club he was always generous. I remember one evening when he was with a little blonde girl, he must have spent about \$75 in the club. He called for champagne several times and then he bought a doll at \$10 and a box of chocolates at \$5 for the girl. Yet she left the Club alone and five minutes after her departure Mahon was flirting with one of the dancing partners who told me the next day that he had given her a \$25 note for dancing with him.

One night he came in with two women and he ordered supper for three. By this time I had come to know him in the way that I knew all the regular frequenters of the Club. So I said "Good evening" to him and chatted for a little while, while his two friends were in the ladies cloakroom.

Suddenly he laughed. "Wouldn't it be a scream if my wife came down here, Miss Meyrick?" he said. "I suppose one of these days she'll find out where I go. And then—there'll be Holy Andy to pay."

But I noticed this as he said it. His laugh rang false, and his

deepest eyes kept roaming towards the door as if he feared that like the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp his words would summon the person about whom he was talking. And what a look came into those deep-set eyes!

I remembered it uncomfortably for many a day. It was the look of a killer, an assassin, the ice-cold, passionless gaze of a hawk, an eagle and other swift, silent killers I have seen. I thought to myself that if my wife ever came here in his philanthropic, he would murder her, but I guessed wrong. He killed Emily instead, because she insisted that he did not clope with her. And it was his wife who put him safely under the sod by exposing him to the police.

It was in 1924 that there arrived at the "Forty-three Club" one evening towards midnight a small, portly Frenchman and an English woman of rather commanding appearance. These were Emile Vaquerier and Mrs. Jones of the Blue Anchor Hotel, Byfleet.

Vaquerier, as you perhaps have read, was hanged for the murder of Mr. Jones, the lady's husband.

"Ow, mooch the entrees!" asked Vaquerier, diving into his pocket and producing a purse after the typical French style.

"Ten shillings, please," said the manager.

Vaquerier hunted among his money but did not seem to be able to count out the silver correctly. Mrs. Jones became impatient. She took Vaquerier's money from him and it was she who paid over the guinea fee. I saw them after they went downstairs. To me, at the time, they were merely, of course, another of the many rather oddly assorted couples who used to drift into the club. He, a decidedly shabby little figure in a black lounge suit and a flowing beard that came over his tie; she, a very vivacious, rather flamboyant sort of woman who very obviously dominated completely the little Frenchman.

Vaquerier, indeed, seemed clearly out of his element in the club. His lack of English, I suppose, had a good deal to do with it.

When the waiter came to take their order, Mrs. Jones mentioned champagne. Vaquerier studied the wine list and when he found that it cost from \$7 to \$8 a bottle he opened his mouth in surprise.

"It's mooch. Ver' mooch," he said. Then pointing to himself, "Mon dieu, c'est cher, ça."

The waiter, an Italian, promptly answered him in French and pointed out that of course in a night club prices were higher. The sound of his native tongue seemed to make Vaquerier more at home. He brightened up and then volubly told the waiter he could buy champagne in his own part of France for less than a dollar a bottle.

The waiter pointed out that this was the sweet champagne "du pays" and not to be compared with the dry wine demanded by fashionable people. Besides, it was a gala night and lots of "favors" were being given away.

Vaquerier and Mrs. Jones danced together several times and even on the floor it was she who did the guiding and who controlled their combined movements.

Only when they sat down and a waiter went over to them did Vaquerier seem to feel at home and he jabbered away in French at every conceivable opportunity.

My husband knew the Blue Anchor Hotel very well. He used to race a lot on Brooklands motor track and the Jones couple, whose hotel was quite near to Brooklands ground, had the catering contract. The majority of the men who raced at Brooklands were young and a very racy, devil-may-care crowd. Mrs. Jones used to go over to the track to superintend the catering and to the quickly got to know all the motoring youths who were rather attracted by this woman who certainly had what Elinor Glynn has called "it."

"Why don't you come over to my hotel," she said to them, "and have a free and easy evening and some dancing?" At the end of the day's racing, therefore, my husband and a number of his friends in the motor racing world would drive over to the Blue Anchor Hotel where many "wild parties" held

there. To the music of a gramophone those motoring youths would dance with Mrs. Jones and several of her women friends until the small hours of the morning.

And Mrs. Jones, who was poisoned by his wife's love, was always lying in bed upstairs in a drunken slumber. Jones never took any part nor, in fact, did he take any interest in any of the great deal all through the day and as soon as the public bars were closed he went off to bed and slept heavily.

I found—and my husband confirms this from his knowledge of her at the Blue Anchor Hotel on the occasions he went there with the motoring crowd—that Mrs. Jones was a woman who was very keen to know people of a higher social position than herself. Her own speech, her manners, showed that she was out to "better herself." She sought the company of those youths who were all of aristocratic families and whom she, with a "flair" that came from ambition, recognized to be gentlemen.

They danced there without any thought of licensing hours. Mrs. Jones and her women friends partnered the men who had just come from going round Brooklands at over 100 miles an hour, but from what I can gather from my husband's description the pace at these Blue Anchor parties was very much faster than even the swiftest racing car could achieve.

Vaquerier and Mrs. Jones must have come to the "Forty-three" on the very night that they stayed at a hotel in Bloomsbury, as was brought out in the evidence at that sensational trial, for the state correspondent. It was about a week before the actual murder.

It must say that having seen Vaquerier and Mrs. Jones together, I have never been able to understand the relation. He seemed, as he sat in our club, to be so insignificant, so totally unlike the type of man whom this ambitious and vicious woman would choose as a lover. But there was one thing I did notice about Vaquerier. In common with True and Mahon, he had the most noticeable eyes. They, too, were deep-set, and if I were asked to describe them I should say they were the eyes of a fanatic, a man who would die for any cause he set his hand to. Well, I suppose, one might say that he set his hand to the cause of Mr. Jones' death. He certainly did die for it, but whether it was a martyr's death is not for me to say.

Martyrs are queer creatures, used when there is a good cause to be martyred for, but when they are a man who would die for no real cause at all, which makes them a public nuisance sometimes.

The End.

ICED "SALADA" TEA



The Tea that comes to you
"Fresh from the Gardens"

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Temptingly cool....
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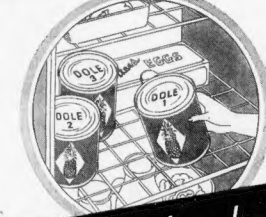
DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

...ICE COLD!

Put a can or so of juicy DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple in the refrigerator every morning. Have it ice-cold—ready to serve in the sweltering noon-day heat... on summer nights when there's scarcely a breath of air going. It's a wonderfully refreshing dessert. And so inexpensive! Takes no fussing around in the hot kitchen either. Just open the can! Dessert's ready to serve!

Nature gives different grades of pineapple... DOLE marks them for you.

You'll know the pineapple you're serving was grown and packed in Hawaii, if the can it comes in has DOLE 1, or DOLE 2, or DOLE 3 stamped in the top. And you'll know what grade of Sliced, or Crushed, or Tidbits you're getting when you buy, if you insist on having only pineapple with the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can, and beneath that name the number 1, or 2, or 3. That's the one way to be certain what's inside the can before you open it.



NOW... at the lowest price in years!

Read all about them... the three DOLE grades!

GRADE 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

GRADE 2

Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color. Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. The syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

GRADE 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.



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Everyone Likes New Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pineapple and Tomato Salad.
PEEL choice ripe tomatoes. Scoop out inside. Sprinkle with salt. Invert and let stand in ice box until ready to serve. Mix sliced pineapple with mayonnaise dressing and refill tomato shells. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with whirls of stiff mayonnaise.

Cherry and Raspberry Salad.
PICK over, wash and drain 1 ripe raspberries. Stone fine ripe or canned cherries. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on heart lettuce with cream cheese dressing.

Easy Butterscotch Sauce
For Ice Cream.

COOK 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup thin cream, 1 cup corn syrup and 1 tablespoon butter to soft ball stage. Remove from the fire and cool.

Cheese Dressing (for Fruit Salads).

BEAT 1 cream cheese until smooth, adding 2 tablespoons cream and 1 tablespoon lemon juice gradually. Add salt and paprika to taste. Beat in enough currant jelly to give bright red or pink color. Fold in ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff.

White Cake.

CREAM ½ cup butter and gradually add 3 cups flour sifted with ¼ teaspoon soda. Then beat in 1½ tablespoons strained lemon juice. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff and add ¼ cups sifted powdered sugar. Combine mixture. Bake in a moderate oven in a buttered and floured shallow pan about 50 minutes. Cover with mystery frosting.

Uncooked Sour Cream Dressing.

PRESS 2 hard cooked eggs through fruit press or potato ricer. Beat 1 cup sour cream until stiff. To the eggs add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon tobacco sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ tablespoons chili sauce and 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper. Combine with beaten cream. Serve with chilled green salads.

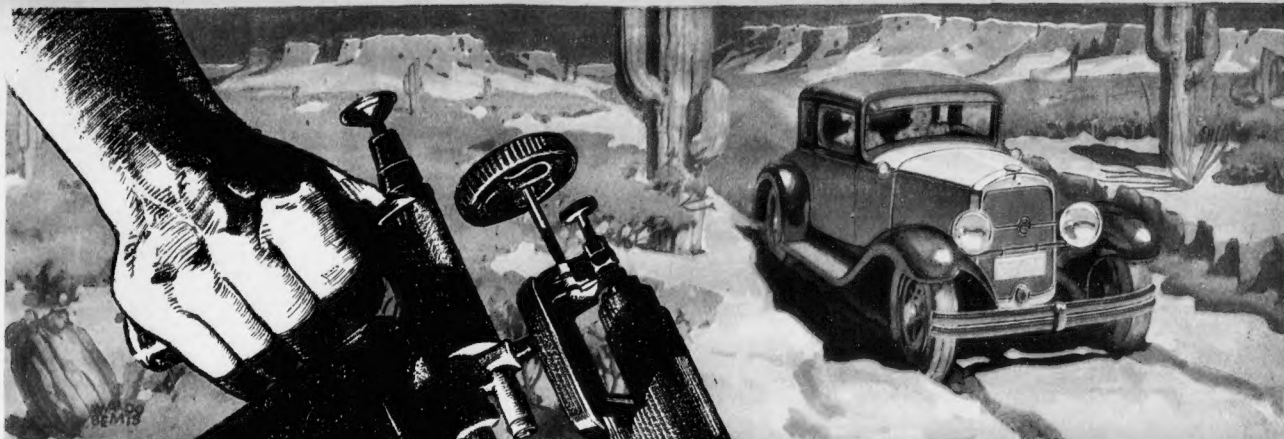
Tea Room Salad.

WASH and pare 1 cucumber and chop and squeeze in cheesecloth. Soak 1½ tablespoons gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, dissolve in ¼ cup boiling water, add ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon each, lemon juice and tarragon vinegar. Add 1½ cups chopped pineapple. Turn into ring or individual mold, chill, turn out on bed of crisp lettuce and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise dressing.

Chicken Mousse.

SCALD 1 cup cream or rich milk. Beat 3 eggs, 1 egg white slightly and add ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, a few grains paprika and add a little of the scalded cream. Return to double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy. Soak 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, dissolve in the hot egg and cream mixture. Add ½ cup chopped and pounded chicken breast. Set in a pan of cold water until mixture begins to congeal. Then fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn out to a ring mold and set in ice box. Turn out on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and fill the center with diced cucumbers and thinly sliced radishes and serve with cream dressing.

DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



*You may never have to drive your car when the thermometer registers 120 degrees Fahrenheit, but it is comforting to know that with crack-proof Texaco in the crankcase your engine is always protected—regardless of conditions.

July engine heat requires an oil that is "CRACK-PROOF"



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LISTEN
to a quieter engine



TWENTY times every second, a raging blast of flame sweeps through the combustion chambers of your engine. Piston heads, cylinder walls and wrist-pin bearings get intensely hot—sometimes as high as 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit—temperatures that would melt solder and cause it to flow like water!

Only a crack-proof motor oil can live and work effectively at such temperatures! Texaco Motor Oil does. It cools and protects these critical bearings. It prevents destructive friction. It preserves an un-

broken film of rich, full-bodied, heat-resisting lubricant on every moving surface.

Texaco Motor Oil gives you this protection because Texaco is crack-proof. It is proved in the lower oil consumption, the extra trouble-free miles, the quieter engine and perfect piston seal.

Have your crankcase drained. Fill with this new crack-proof Texaco. Then stop always at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T for oil or gas.

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